



BEVERLY  
HILLS  
'0'

VAN DAMME • DON MARTIN • SPIES 'N' SABS

# CRACKED

#270  
MAR. '92

WE FLUNK  
BEVERLY HILLS  
90210

\$1.75

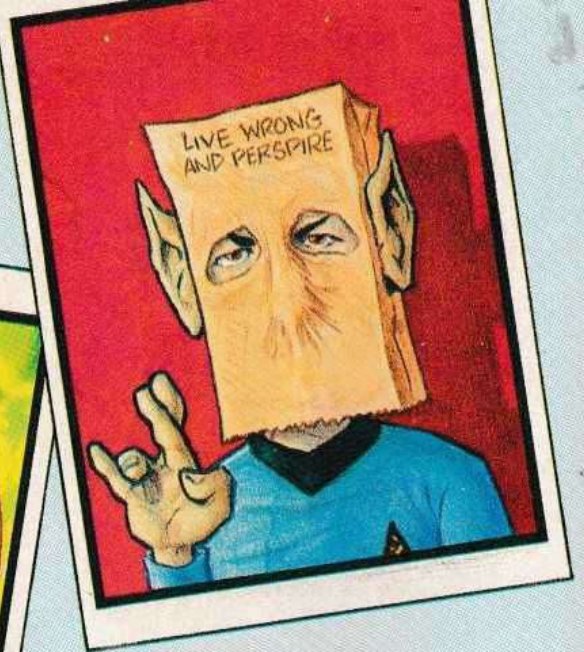
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To Our Readers—  
Unlike other magazines, we refuse to  
feature the latest teenage heartthrobs  
on our cover, just to sell more copies!  
But, our Democratic Presidential Candidates  
cover was misplaced. Please accept  
our apology.  
The Editors





**DOUBLE THE HORROR, DOUBLE THE FUN!**



**YOU'LL FLIP OVER THESE SPACED  
OUT CRACKED COLLECTABLE  
CARDS!**

**YOU GET THE COM-  
PLETE SET OF 12  
FULL COLORED CARDS  
FEATURING THE CREA-  
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E.T.W.F. (EXTRA TER-  
RESTRIAL WRESTLING  
ASSOCIATION) PLUS  
100 PAGES OF OUT  
OF THIS WORLD GAR-  
BAGE IN CRACKED COL-  
LECTORS #90 SCI-FI  
SPECIAL ON SALE JAN.  
16th**



**ON SALE NOW!  
CRACKED MONSTER PARTY  
FEATURING FREDDY  
KRUEGER  
IN 4-D**

**DOPEY  
DUMB  
DISGUSTING  
DISGRACEFUL**



# CRACKED



"The Cat in the Hat" was a spiffy dresser,  
much admired by mice!  
Sylvester P. Smythe

March '92, #270

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**SEVERIN, front cover**  
**SEVERIN/HOUSE, inside cover**  
**TYLER/SILVERSTONE, back cover**  
**SPIES 'N' SABS SPRINKLED LIBERALLY  
THROUGHOUT CRACKED!**



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Tired of TV programs that portray teenagers as a bunch of airheads whose lives revolve around prom dates and pep rallies? Now, finally, there's a show in which teenagers come to grips with real problems. No, we're not talking zits, we're talking heavy stuff. Life for these dudes is a series of crises and emergencies, all of which are solved in an hour, less time for commercials. Join us for our version of the nighttime soap...

Hi, I'm Branflakes!

I'm his twin sister, Brunhilda. I hope you don't get the wrong impression with all this sun and surf stuff.

Right, we Barferly Hills kids are totally into serious stuff like, uh...

Helping the flood victims in Bangladesh, raising funds to cure Elephant Man, supplying hairpieces for bald eagles, and wearing the coolest sneakers.

I'm Dullman, Brun's sometime boyfriend. My dad's in jail, my mom's a head case, and I'm a recovering alcoholic. In others words, a typical Barferly Hills teenager.

Dad, the SATs are next week.

And you're worried? Well, that's normal. Just think of it as another test. Of course, your score can alter the course of your life; the difference between being a garbage man or an industrialist, a CEO or a dishwasher.

As you probably guessed, from my modest bathing suit and wire-rimmed glasses, I'm a total brain. Just once I'd like to see a TV show with a sexy babe as the class egghead instead of a Woody Allen lookalike!

Why do so many teenagers run away from home?

It's because kids can't talk things out with their parents. Right Bran?

SEVERIN



# BARFERLY HILLS-911

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN



I'm Killy.

I'm Donner.

I'm Sieve. We have a lot in common.

Right. We're all gorgeous, our parents are divorced, we drive cool sports cars and wear the latest expensive threads.

I'm Dweeb and just because we're rich, don't get the idea that our parents go easy on us. Hey, my dad just grounded me! I'm not allowed to skydive for a week. Bummer!

We're the Welshs, Bran and Brun's parents. We recently moved to Barferly Hills.

There weren't enough problems for TV parents to solve in Minnesota.

Most of the class is taking a special course to improve their test scores and I don't think it's right! How about the poor kids who can't afford to pay for the course?

Bran, this is Barferly Hills, there are no poor kids.

Thanks, Dad, I feel better already!

Right, honey, and besides, who'd watch the show if these sexy hunks and babes were wearing parkas instead of bikinis?



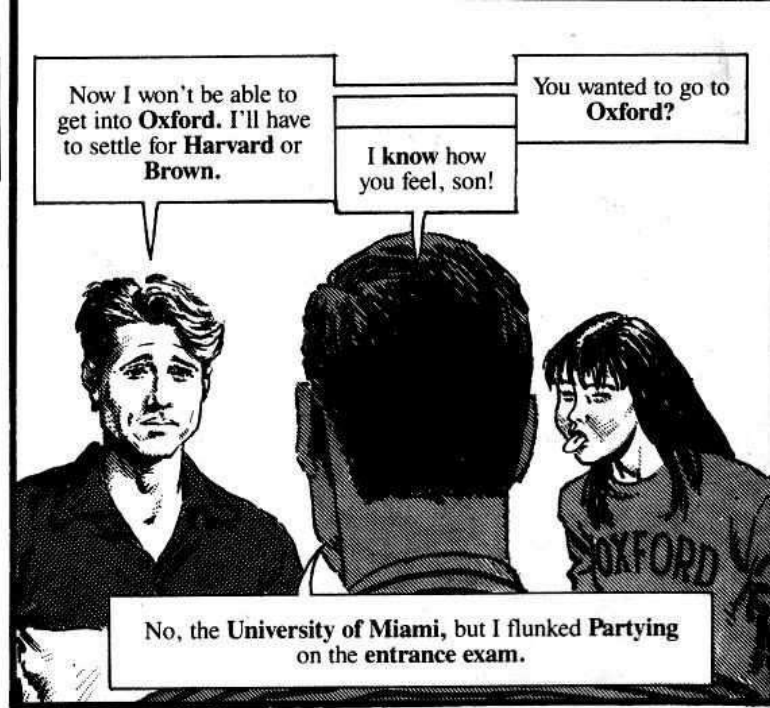


How did you guys do on your SATs?

I'm afraid I screwed up; I got one wrong.

Even Richie Cunningham made mistakes, nobody's perfect, dear.

I am, I aced that sucker!

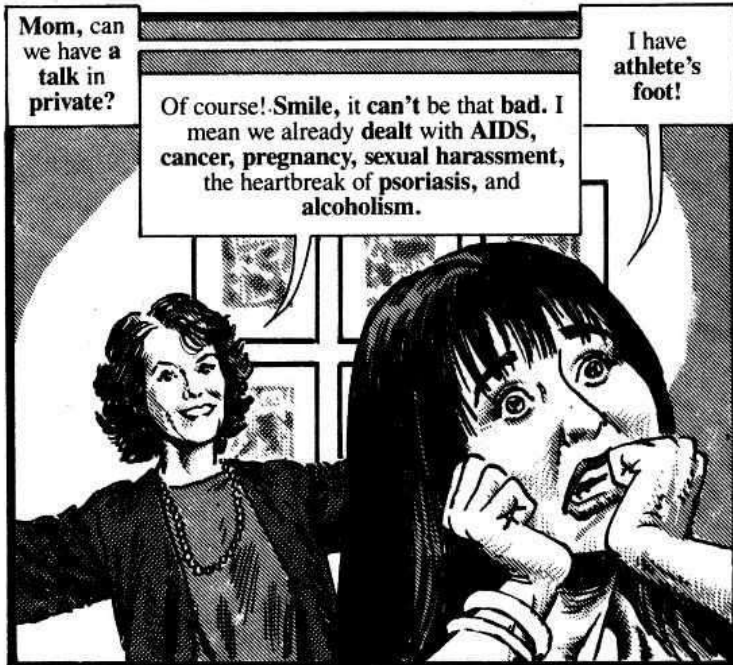


Now I won't be able to get into **Oxford**. I'll have to settle for **Harvard** or **Brown**.

I know how you feel, son!

You wanted to go to **Oxford**?

No, the **University of Miami**, but I flunked **Partying** on the entrance exam.



Mom, can we have a talk in private?

I have athlete's foot!

Of course! Smile, it can't be that bad. I mean we already dealt with **AIDS**, **cancer**, **pregnancy**, **sexual harassment**, the heartbreak of **psoriasis**, and **alcoholism**.



I had it, too, when I was your age.

It will be our secret. We'll get an out-of-town doctor.

I know, Mom, but that was in **Minnesota**. In **Barferly Hills**, a common mid-American fungus could totally destroy me socially!!



You're lucky we caught it in time! It can be cured, but you have to be careful. When you shower at school, or the beach club, always take proper precautions. Kids today are so careless...

Should I tell my sometime boyfriend...?

It's only fair to warn him.



Dull, I just came from the doctor.

Man, what is this, a rerun? We already did the pregnancy bit.

It's not that, I have athlete's foot.

You mean you're a good runner, a sprinter, or something?



No, I have **fungus** growing between my toes.

Hey, like, does it **itch** a lot?

Yes.

Man, I got it, too! I guess we'll have to practice **safe footsie**!!

Sieve, we need a **good-looking, popular hunk** to run for **Class President**.

Why me? That description fits **ninety percent** of the guys in school.

Yes, but you're **Captain of the basketball team**!

That's why I **can't run**. I'm not getting involved in **anything** until we win a game!

That will never happen. We only have **two blacks** in the school, and **they're both teachers**.

How about you, Bran?

I'm kind of **busy**; I have an **after-school job** and I do **volunteer work** at the Senior Citizens' home.

Do you read to them?

No, I'm teaching them to **roller skate**. Hey, this is **Barferly Hills**!

You're my kind of **candidate**! We plan on running an **issues oriented campaign**.

What issues? We get a **shopping break**, every day!

We've already got **rock music** in the cafeteria.

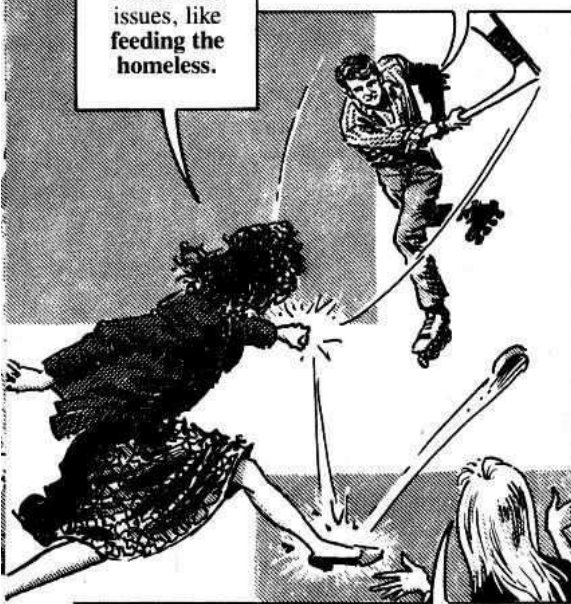
We can **skate in the halls**!

And we have **valet parking**...



I mean **real** issues, like **feeding the homeless**.

Hey, that's cool. I'll run!!



Guys, there's only **one** problem, there are **no homeless** in Barferly Hills!

Hey, not to worry; I'll motor down to LA and bring back some homeless dudes!!

ALLL RIGHTT!!!



Bran, call the **police**, there's a **strange man** sleeping on our lawn!

It's okay, Dad, that's a **homeless person**. It's part of my **presidential campaign**...



Son, I don't think **George Bush** has homeless people sleeping on his lawn in **Kennibunkport**!

But you always told us to **help** those **less fortunate** than ourselves.



I meant **hardship cases**, like your teachers who are **paid less** than your allowance.

If I'm elected, I plan to use all the **food thrown away** in the school cafeteria to **feed the homeless**.

HEAR! HEAR!



Point of order! You think just because we're **down on our luck** we're gonna eat that **slop?** **Avocado burgers** and **bean sprouts?** Gimmee a break! Come on guys, we're outta here! Let's go back to LA!!!

Man, we were totally **wiped out** in that debate! I think we need **another issue**.

How about **safety** in the school?

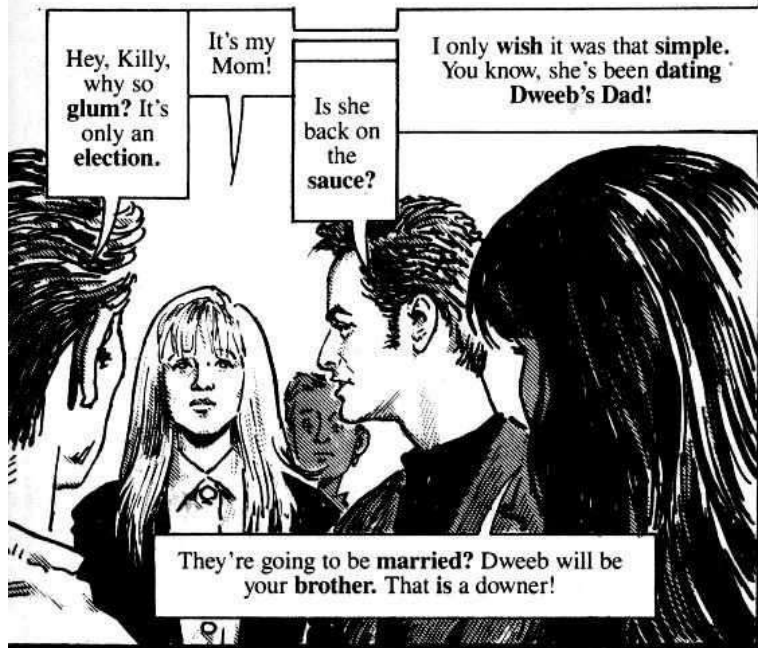
Forget it, we gotta be the **only** high school in the country that doesn't have some **Neanderthal** hanging out in the **men's room**.

And our classrooms **aren't overcrowded**!

Those inner city kids are **lucky**! They have all kinds of **issues** to campaign on.







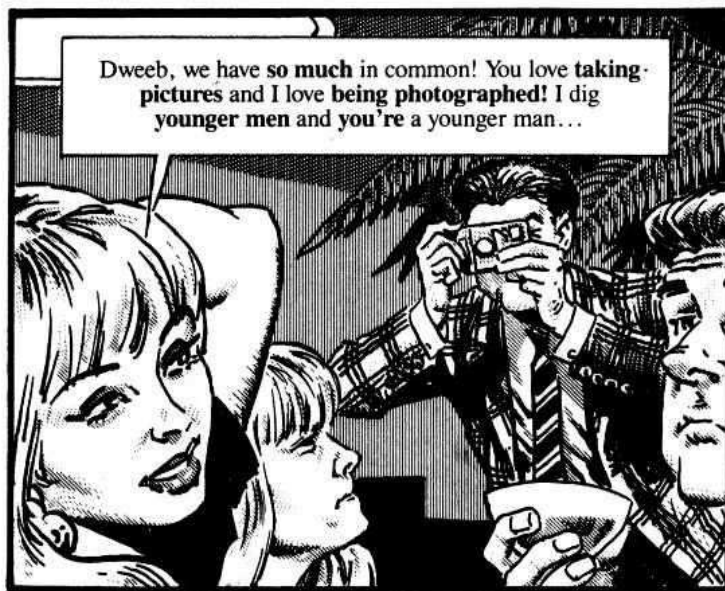
Hey, Killy, why so glum? It's only an election.

It's my Mom!

Is she back on the sauce?

I only wish it was that simple. You know, she's been dating Dweeb's Dad!

They're going to be married? Dweeb will be your brother. That is a downer!



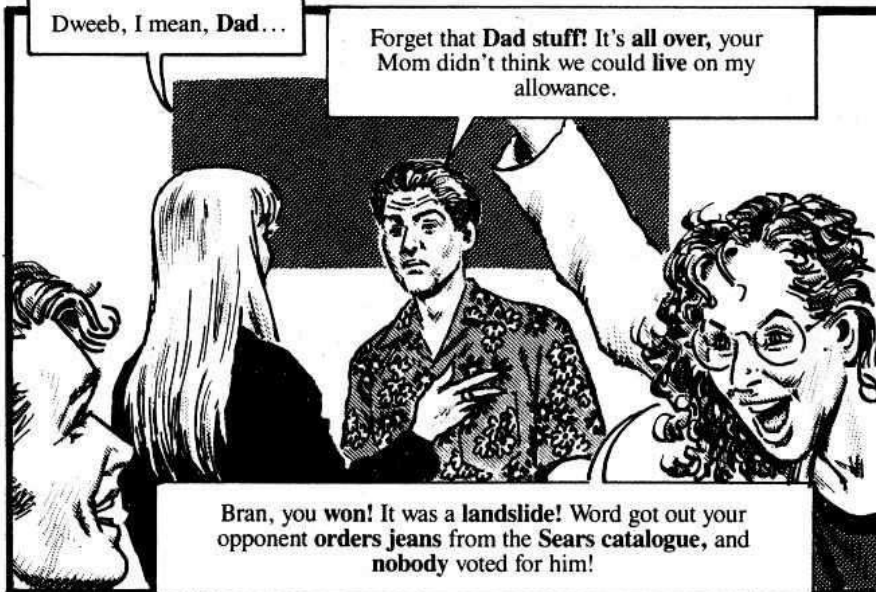
Dweeb, we have so much in common! You love taking pictures and I love being photographed! I dig younger men and you're a younger man...



You mean Dweeb and your Mom? Bogus!

Right, he's not going to be my brother; he's going to be my father!

That is totally heinous!



Dweeb, I mean, Dad...

Forget that Dad stuff! It's all over, your Mom didn't think we could live on my allowance.

Bran, you won! It was a landslide! Word got out your opponent orders jeans from the Sears catalogue, and nobody voted for him!



Bran, you don't look like a man who's just been elected President.

I know, Dad. I'm glad I won but I still feel like an outsider!!

I'd love to help you with your problem, but we have some pretty grim news...



Your father and I are separating. I'm seeing someone else!

And that's not all. I'm being indicted for embezzlement.

Alright! Way to go, Dad! Way to go, Mom! Now we're totally Barferly Hills kids.

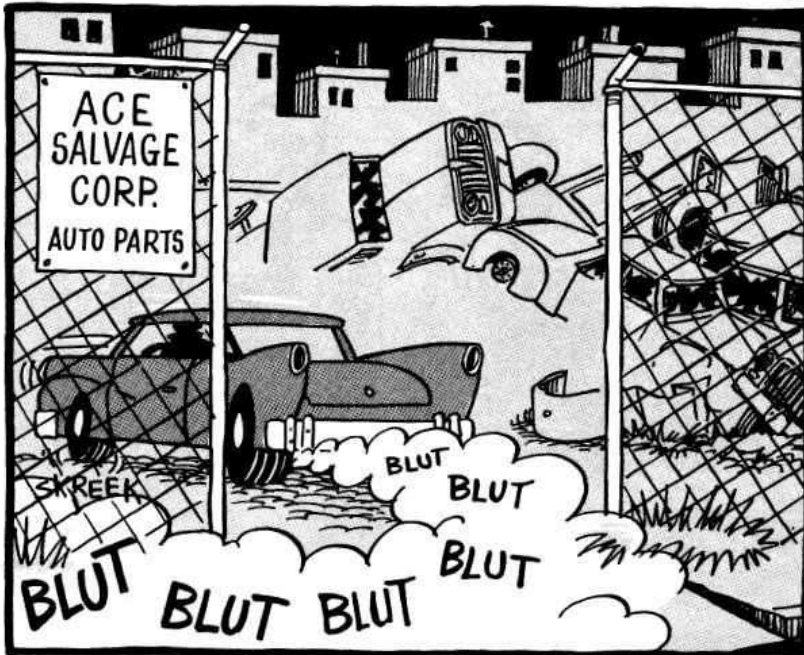
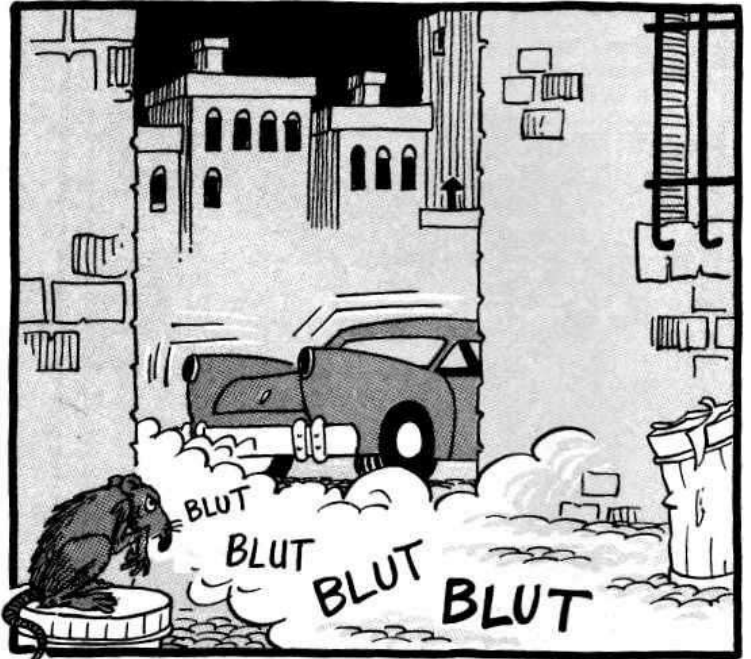
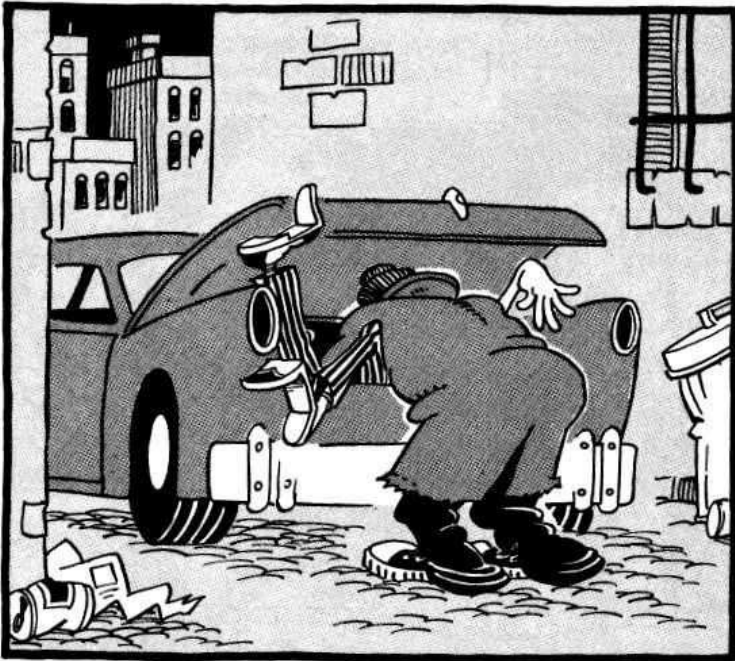
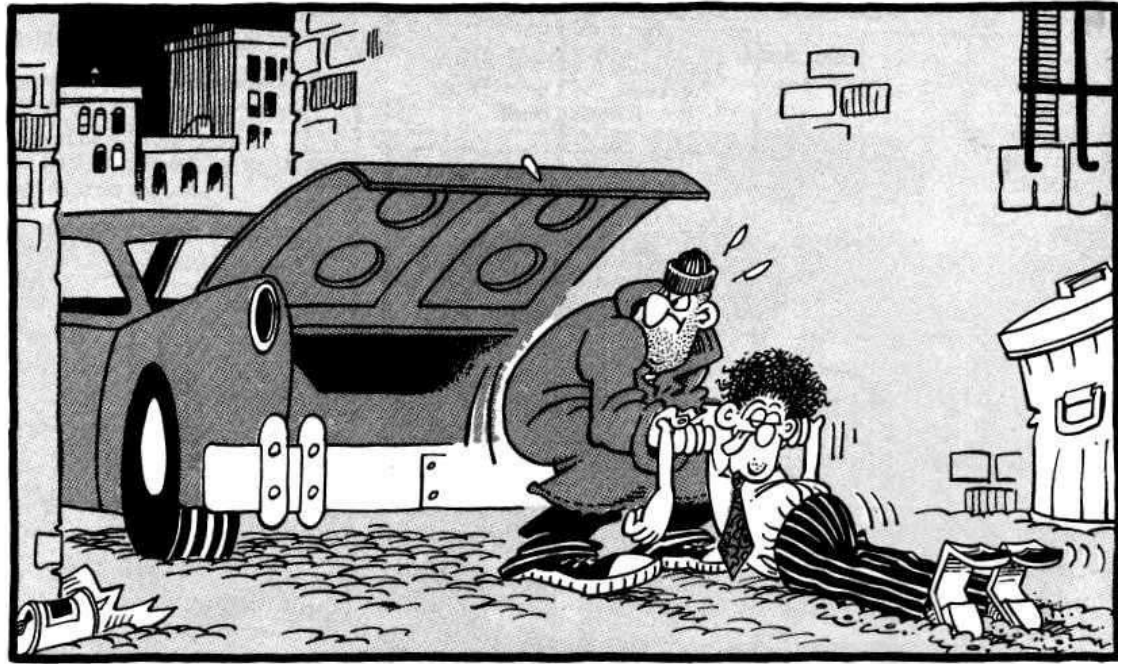
Thanks, Mom, thanks, Dad...

Sin é

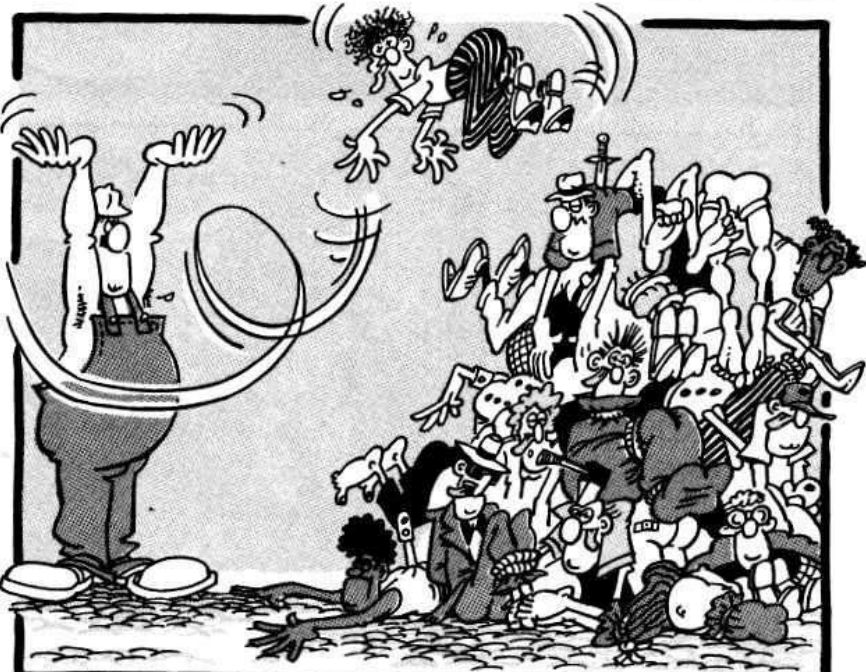
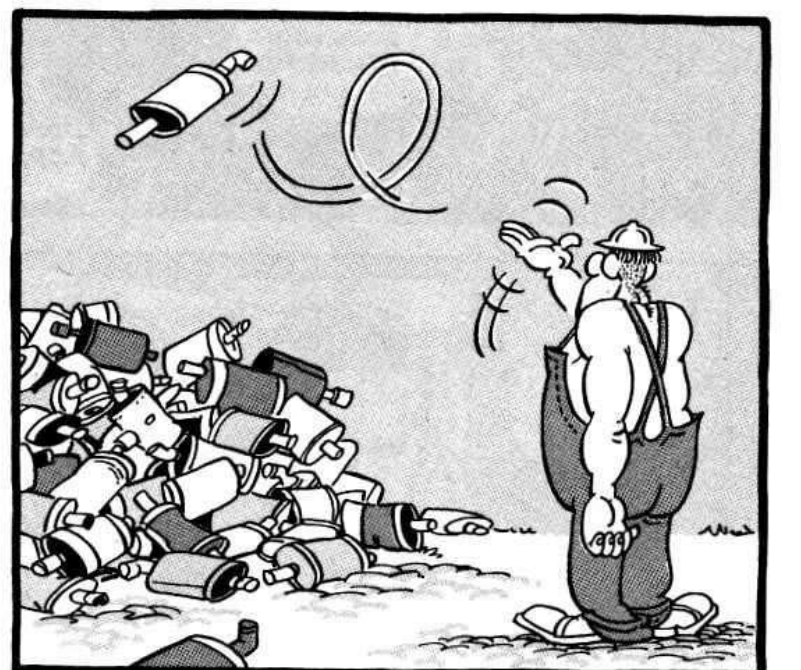
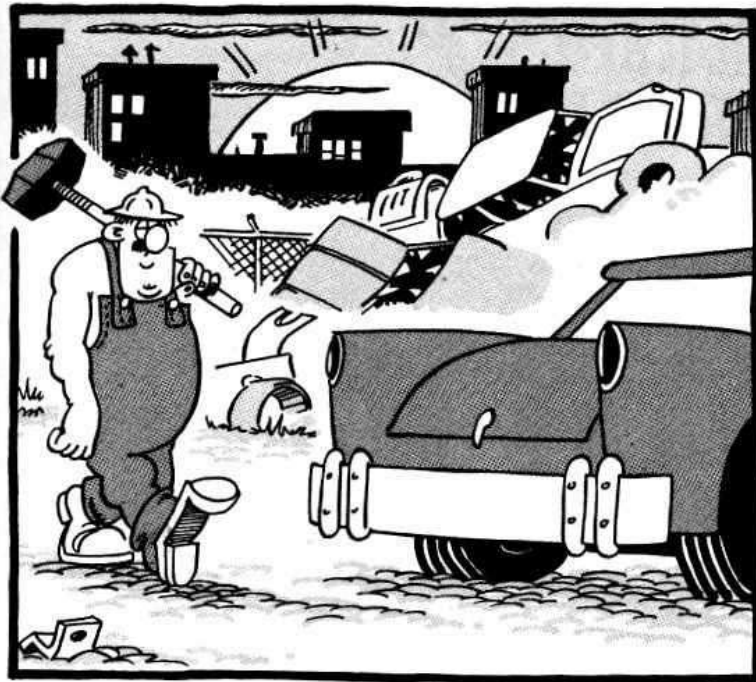


Don  
MARTINS

# LATE ONE NIGHT IN THE CITY









Some of the movies of today breeze through first run theaters, and, seemingly overnight, appear on specialty store shelves. Why waste your money on quickie cassettes when we can give you the meager story lines to...

## CRACKED MOVIE VIDEO RENTALS

WRITER: STEVE STRANGIO  
ARTISTS: FRANK BORTH &  
WALTER BROGAN





# CITY SNICKERS

Going on a **cattle drive** will be the ultimate vacation for us.

The trip may be dangerous; my wife worries about me!

I'll help you pack...!!

TAKE MY HUSBAND PLEASE!

Who is that?

Burly, our trail boss for the cattle drive.

Remind me not to ask for overtime!

What's he thinking about?

Burly's dead! We gotta drive these cattle by ourselves.

Shift or automatic...?

You're telling me we drove these critters just so you could send them to the slaughter house?

Yep, they're **Big Mac eatin'**, on the hoof!

PPSSSSSS!!!

Look at it this way, no one will ever break into an apartment filled with cattle!



## TRAUMA & WHEEZE

I got dinner to make, laundry to wash, and walls to spackle! I can't just leave on some wild adventure!

You'll get the chance to blow up stuff and shoot lots of men.

I'll start packing!



Hey, isn't what we're doing against the law?

No, we're only going 45 miles per hour.



I suppose you're going to arrest us...?

No way! You've given us girls some movie role models. Keep up the good work!



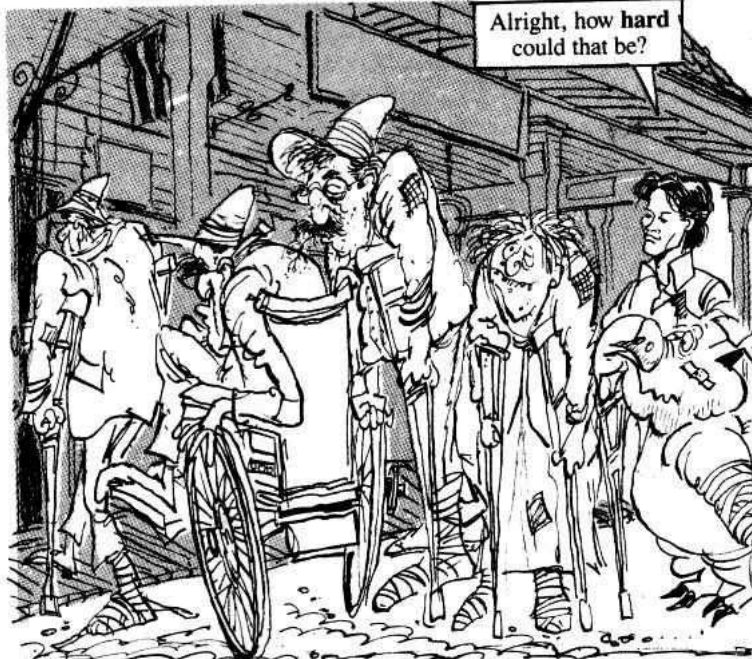
## QUACK HOLLYWOOD

I can't believe I crashed my car in this backwater town. All I want to do is get to Hollywood!

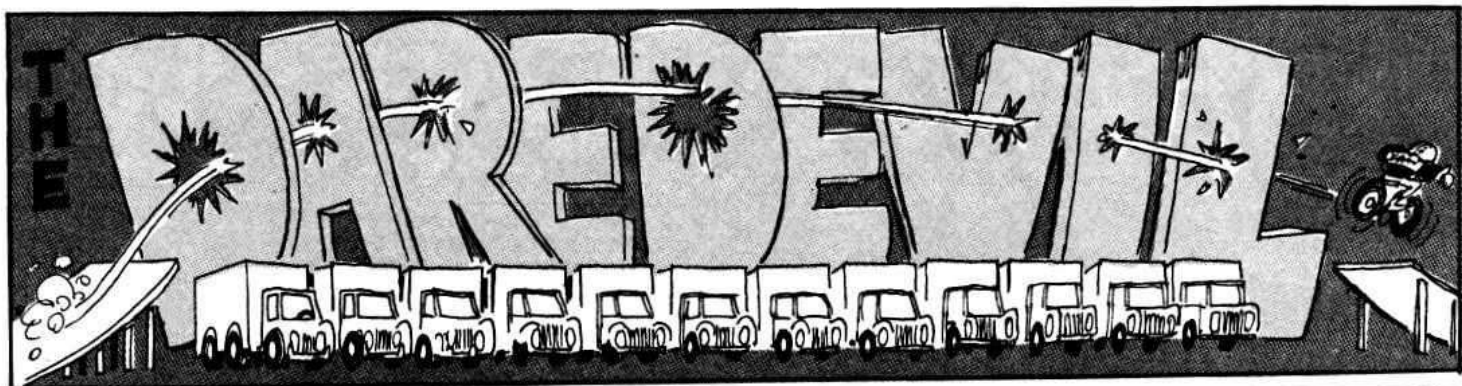
Treat some of our townsfolk, first, Doc!



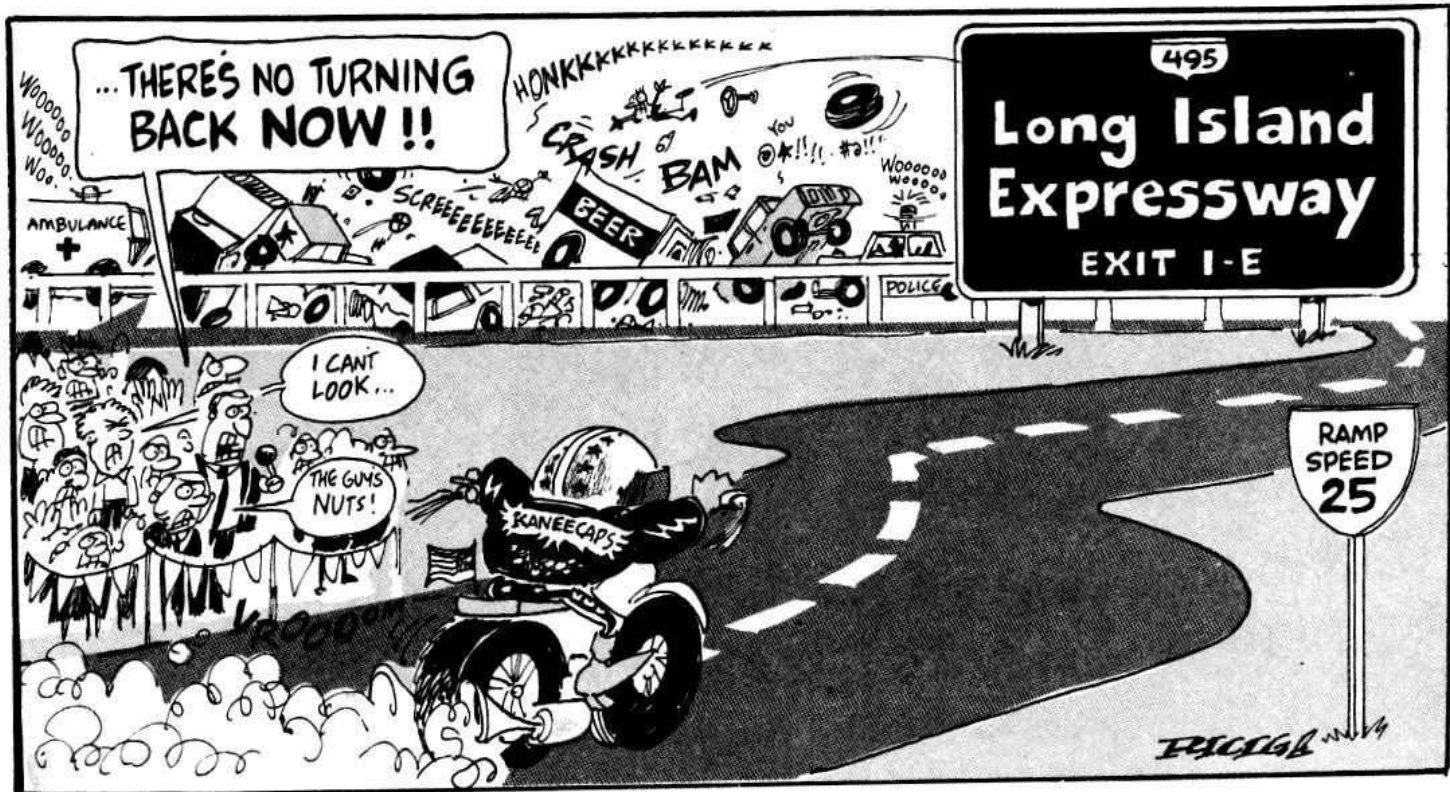
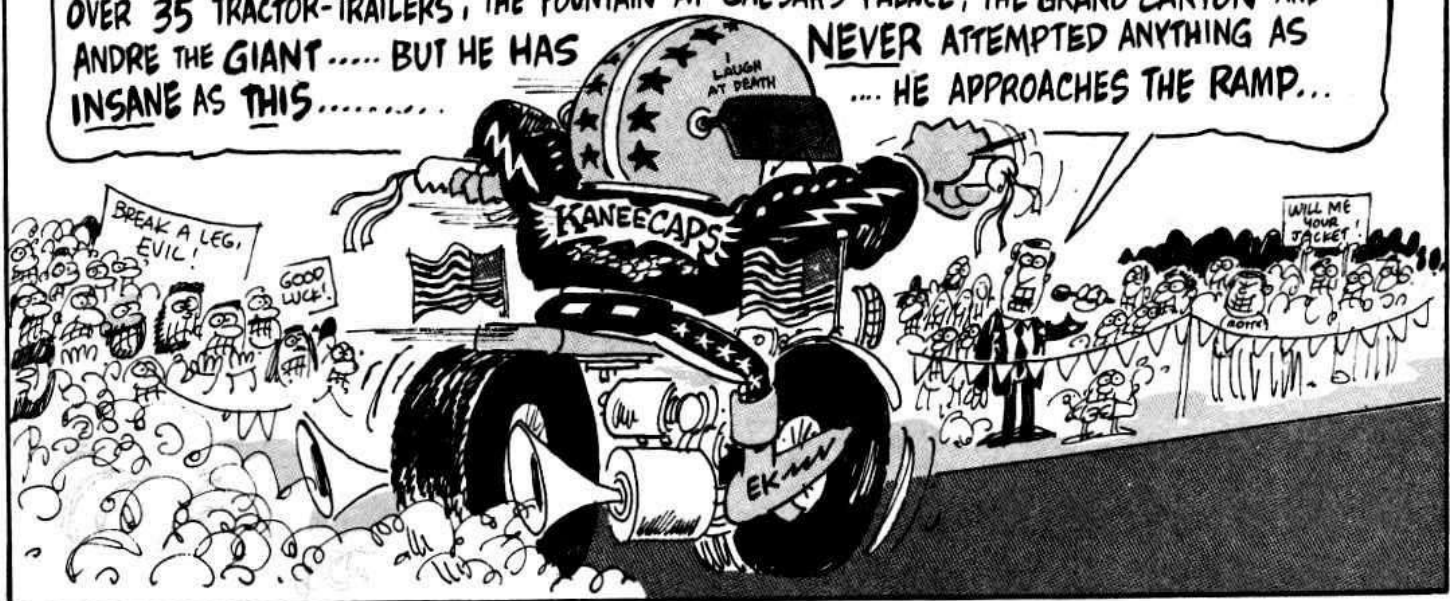
Alright, how hard could that be?







AND NOW... **EVIL KANEECAPS** WILL PERFORM HIS MOST DANGEROUS AND DEATH-DEFYING STUNT... KANEECAPS HAS ALREADY BROKEN EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY TWICE WHILE JUMPING OVER 35 TRACTOR-TRAILERS, THE FOUNTAIN AT CAESAR'S PALACE, THE GRAND CANYON AND **ANDRE THE GIANT**..... BUT HE HAS NEVER ATTEMPTED ANYTHING AS INSANE AS THIS..... HE APPROACHES THE RAMP...





# ORENEK *at* LARGE





# TOURING A HORROR HOUSE





There are lots of mental disorders that are being ignored by the psychiatric community, we don't mean stuff like paranoia, or schizophrenia, we're talking serious problems...

# EVERYDAY NEUROSES

WRITER: STEVE STRANGIO  
ARTIST: RURIK TYLER



## REMEMBEROSIS

**DESCRIPTION:** Condition occurs when patient tries to remember the name of the person he was just introduced to.

**SYMPTOMS:** Patient inquiring of person what their name rhymes with, accompanied by insipid smile to cover social goof and lots of sweating.

**CAUSE:** Inability to deal with anything but one-on-one confrontations.

**TREATMENT:** Introduce patient into more social situations and bang him over the head with a brick, to jar memory.



## RELATIVUS MINGLENOIA

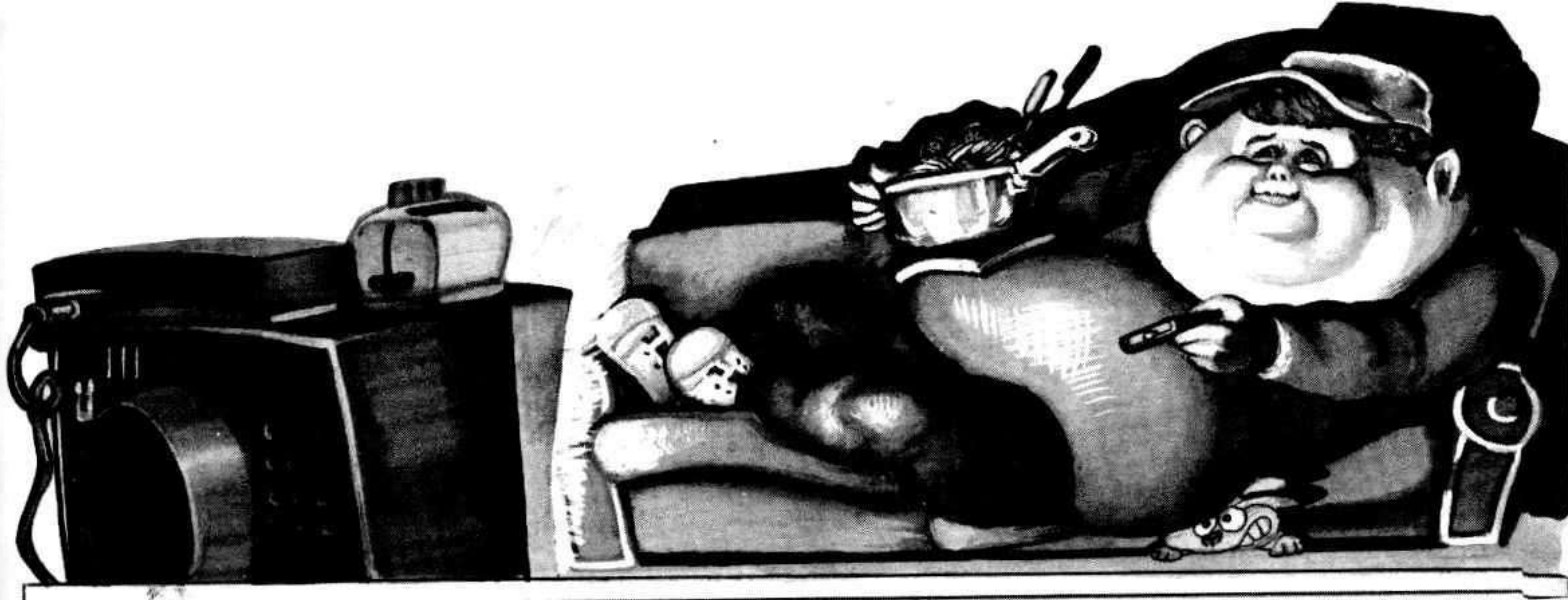
**DESCRIPTION:** Occurs when entire family gets together.

**SYMPTOMS:** Extreme depression, massacre fantasies, excessive clock watching.

**CAUSES:** Holidays, weddings, funerals, retirements, winning lotto.

**TREATMENT:** Move patient to Key West or Bedloe's Island.





### **CHANNEL ZAPPINGITIS**

**DESCRIPTION:** This condition afflicts "couch potatoes" who use their TV remote control to watch every program simultaneously.

**SYMPTOMS:** Short attention span, rotating eyeballs, big butt fused to comfy chair recliner.

**CAUSE:** Cable.

**TREATMENT:** No hope. Patient will soon explode due to combination of junk food and sedentary positioning. Make sure a mop is nearby.



### **CHOCOMANIA**

**DESCRIPTION:** Wanton desire for anything that is chocolate, chocolate-filled, or chocolate-covered.

**SYMPTOMS:** Developing a pimple that is the size of your head and buying land in Hershey, Pennsylvania.

**CAUSES:** Candy machines, final exams, broken relationships.

**TREATMENT:** Put patient in a room and play a repetitive recording of a dentist's drill.

### **BABE-OPHRENIA**

**DESCRIPTION:** Mostly susceptible to men. Condition induces subject to act really goofy around any member of the opposite sex who just happens to be a really torrid chick.

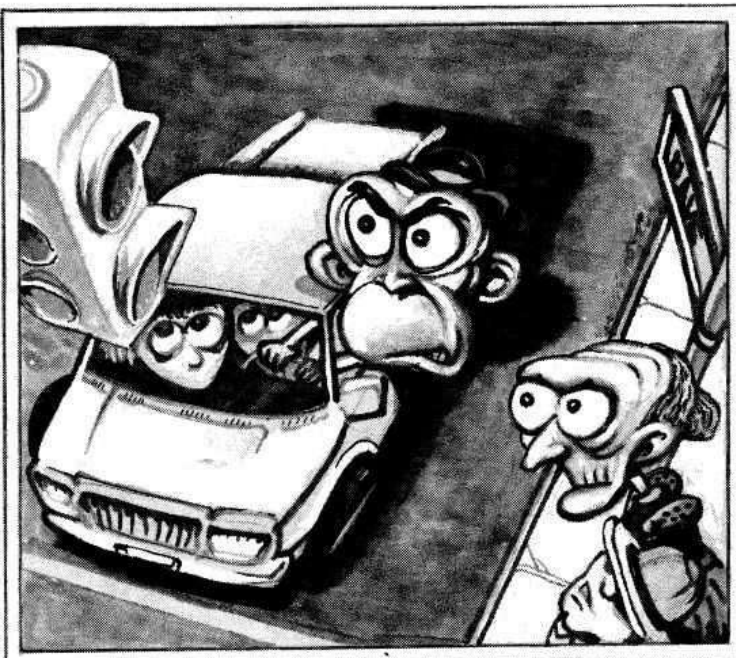
**SYMPTOMS:** Drooling, clumsiness, stuttering, buying very expensive gifts, inability to get off curb.

**CAUSE:** Cleavage.

**TREATMENT:** A slap to the face or a swift kick to the groin should do the trick.







### REDLIGHTOPHRENIA

**DESCRIPTION:** Occurs when driver thinks that light will turn green if car slowly inches toward it.

**SYMPTOMS:** Urge to bend over steering wheel and look up through windshield, feeling of being late for something.

**CAUSE:** Driving at 3 A.M. in morning, Emerald of Zanzibar in the trunk, rival jewel thieves pursuing in souped-up car.

**TREATMENT:** Make patient attend traffic school and watch safety film entitled "One Flew Over The Guard Rail".



### ILLFITUS INTERRUPTUS

**DESCRIPTION:** Buying clothes that are way too small while vowing to lose weight.

**SYMPTOMS:** Gasping for air, missing buttons, refusal to recognize that wearer's fat stomach, "pudge sludge," is causing clothes to burst at the seams.

**CAUSE:** Fashion magazines, skinny models, overbearing tailors who say... "I wouldn't change the cut; just slim down!"

**TREATMENT:** Eat a salad.

### JEHOVAHPHOBIA

**DESCRIPTION:** The exaggerated anxiety of having to reject an entire family of Jehovah's Witnesses on your doorstep.

**SYMPTOMS:** Uneasiness around neatly groomed people who smile too much, ashamed that he can see you through your peephole.

**CAUSE:** Besides, your minister may be passing by!

**TREATMENT:** Confront them and declare that you worship the devil and all he surveys. Try to sell THEM literature!





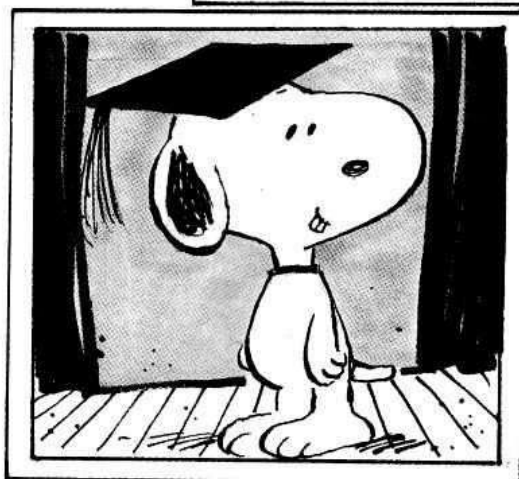
Where do your favorite cartoon characters go when they want to cut loose? Here are some snapshots of them at their favorite hot spots.

# LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS TOONS

PIG OUT WITH HAGAR AND DAGWOOD



HANG OUT WITH THE FAMOUS FELINES AT THE KIT KAT KLUB



SNOOPY GRADUATES!  
(FINALLY, HE'S ONLY 34)



WRITER: STEVE STRANGIO  
ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN





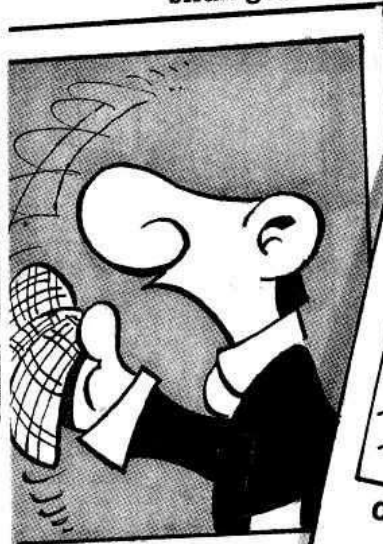


**TAS-MANIAC:** The Tasmanian Devil gives break-dancing a whole new meaning at the hip new disco SNOBB.



**WHAT A CATCH!** The Little Mermaid attends the premiere of "Prince Of Tides" with an unidentified escort.

**THE CAPPS OUT OF THE BAG!** Andy Capp confirms persistent rumors about his missing cranium. Donations are now being accepted for a skull graft.



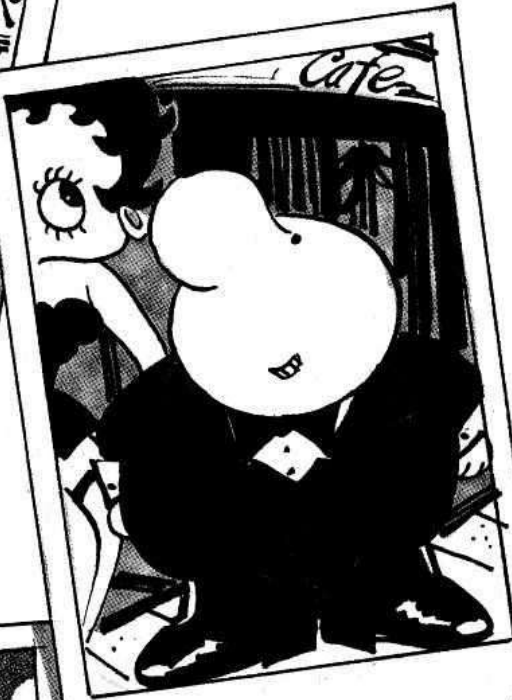
**HUNGRY HAGAR:** Hagar the Horrible always likes to indulge in an in-between-meal snack with his perpetually famished friend, Dagwood.



**ONE SMART PUPPY:** Snoopy graduates MAGNA CUM CANINE from Rover University.



**COOL TOONS:** Calvin and Hobbes hang out during one of their motorcycle rallies.

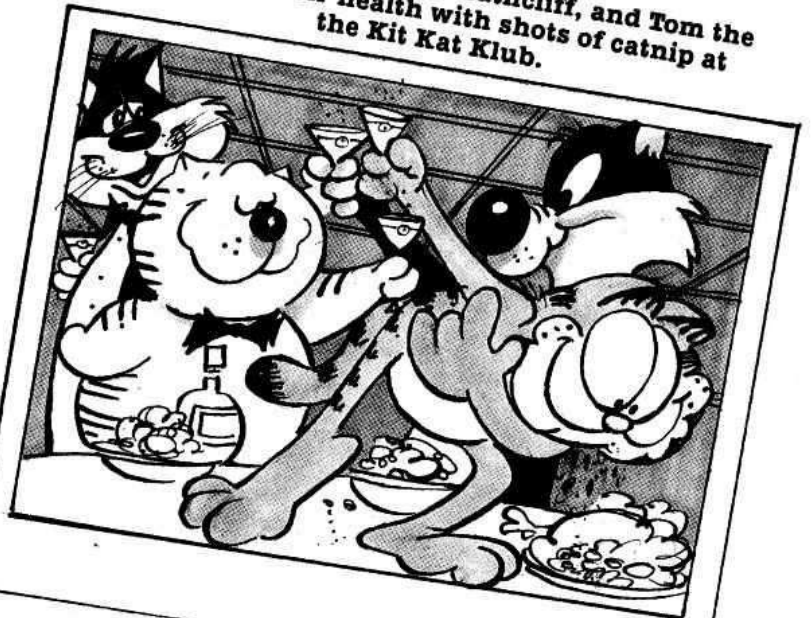


**THE ZIGSTER:** Ziggy, looking dapper in a suit and tie, is snapped holding hands with a hot babe.



**OOPS!:** Looks like Brenda Starr forgot to put on her makeup today. Will Basil St. John put a patch over his other eye?

**MEOW WOW!:** Garfield, Heathcliff, and Tom the Cat toast their health with shots of catnip at the Kit Kat Klub.



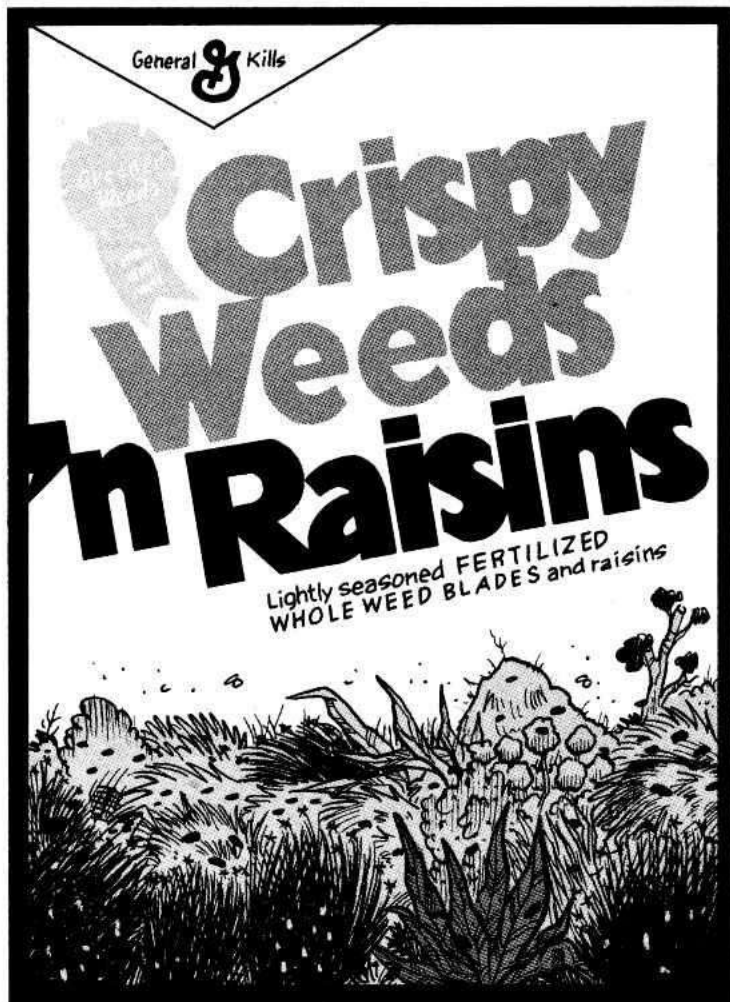
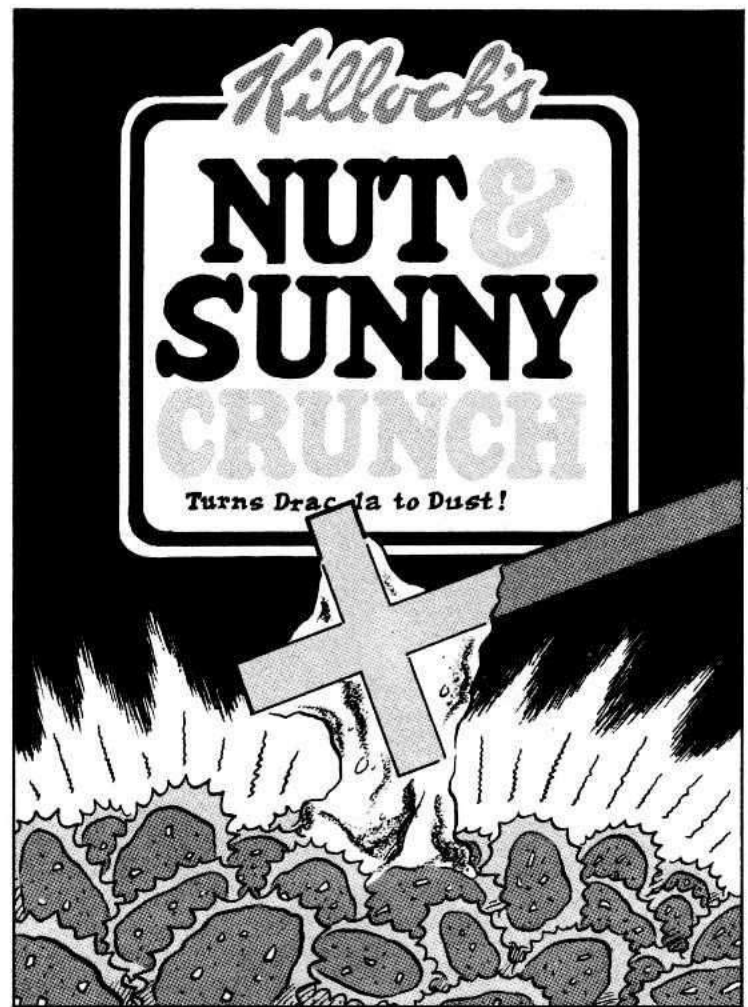
**ROGER GOOFS:** Roger and Jessica Rabbit at a carnival, making an impact on Goofy. Rushed to St. Walt's Hospital for Injured Toons, Goofy is reported to be in satisfactory condition.







# Transylvanian Breakfast Cereals



NABOOSCO

The original *DEATH VALLEY* cereal

# NABOOSCO SHREDDED FEET

100% NATURAL WHOLE FEET



NO NO CORNS  
OR ATHLETE'S  
FOOT

ECONOMY SIZE

# Killock's MOURN FLAKES

Mourning all Morning



Rst

# ape guts

BRAND

Natu. Gorilla Insides Gunk

No Sugar Added  
Acid Free



Provides 9 feet of intestines



General  
Mills

"MADE WITH  
REAL COAL"



# Coal Puffs

OLD!

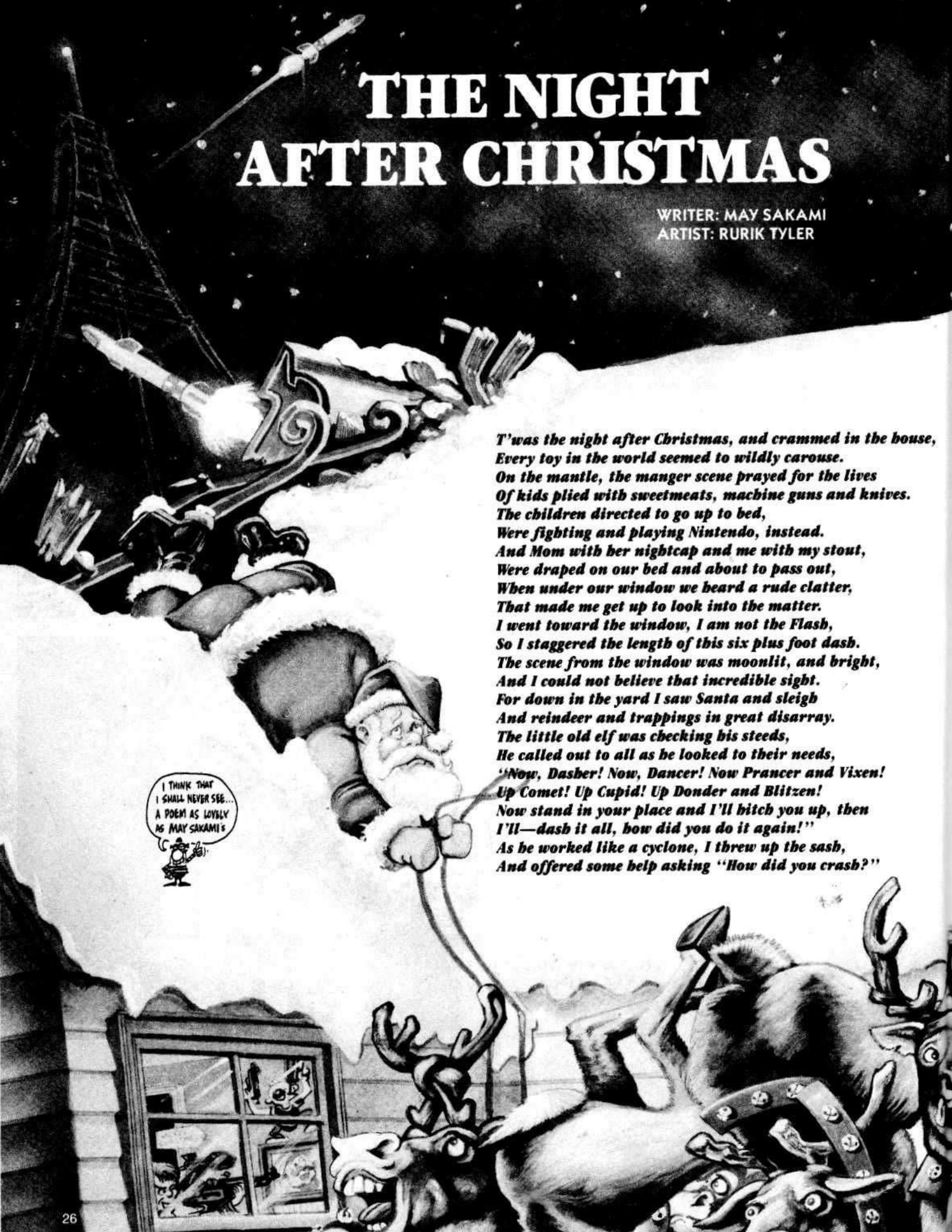
FREE INSIDE!, LIGHTER FLUID



# THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

WRITER: MAY SAKAMI

ARTIST: RURIK TYLER



*T'was the night after Christmas, and crammed in the house,  
Every toy in the world seemed to wildly carouse.  
On the mantle, the manger scene prayed for the lives  
Of kids plied with sweetmeats, machine guns and knives.  
The children directed to go up to bed,  
Were fighting and playing Nintendo, instead.  
And Mom with her nightcap and me with my stout,  
Were draped on our bed and about to pass out,  
When under our window we heard a rude clatter,  
That made me get up to look into the matter.  
I went toward the window, I am not the Flash,  
So I staggered the length of this six plus foot dash.  
The scene from the window was moonlit, and bright,  
And I could not believe that incredible sight.  
For down in the yard I saw Santa and sleigh  
And reindeer and trappings in great disarray.  
The little old elf was checking his steeds,  
He called out to all as he looked to their needs,  
'Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now Prancer and Vixen!  
Up Comet! Up Cupid! Up Donder and Blitzen!  
Now stand in your place and I'll hitch you up, then  
I'll—dash it all, how did you do it again!'  
As he worked like a cyclone, I threw up the sash,  
And offered some help asking "How did you crash?"*

I THINK THAT  
I SHALL NEVER SEE...  
A POEM AS LOVELY  
AS MAY SAKAMI'S



Santa shook his head sadly and said with a sigh,  
 "It's those microwave towers, the reindeer just shied."  
 Then chewing his pipe, looking almost in pain,  
 He softly said something which boggled my brain:  
 "When I've filled up your stockings and emptied my sack,  
 Not one of you cares about Santa's trip back.  
 My red suit is blackened with ashes and soot,  
 And I'm weary and sleepy and grumpy to boot.  
 We dodge airplanes and hunters and missiles and towers,  
 We journey through smog and fall-out for hours.  
 And as for our crashes—" he seemed to be counting,  
 "We've had fifty-nine and the toll is fast mounting."  
 And as he was speaking, just who should appear,  
 But wide-awake kids dressed in torn battle gear.  
 They rushed to the window, they pushed me away,  
 Then looked down just as Santa climbed into his sleigh.  
 "No, no," cried the children, "You can't fly off yet,  
 We have lots of complaints that will have to be met."  
 St. Nick was not doing well launching his steeds,  
 As the children were commenting on his misdeeds.  
 "You left us the cheapest, worst junk from your sack,  
 The stuff fell apart, so we're giving it back."  
 Santa did not reply as trash swirled round-about,  
 To his steeds he was yelling, "Now get the lead out!"  
 While the children screeched louder, "You cheated our Dad,  
 For all he paid, we got nothing, we sure have been had!  
 Yeah, with kick-backs and scams you've been lining your boots,  
 You and toy business mobsters are sure in caboots!"  
 Now you give back our money and haul off this yuck,  
 Or Dad's going to sue you and take your last buck!"  
 These words worked pure magic, and I'll cross my heart,  
 Santa flew off so fast, no one saw him depart!

SANTA  
CLAUS  
IS  
COMING...



WHAMMO!



WE WARNED  
YOU...





# SOME NEW CELEBRITY HAIRCUTS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

WRITER: JOHN FAHS — ARTIST: DONOREHEK



SINEAD O'CONNOR



SADDAM HUSSEIN



VANNA WHITE and ...PAT



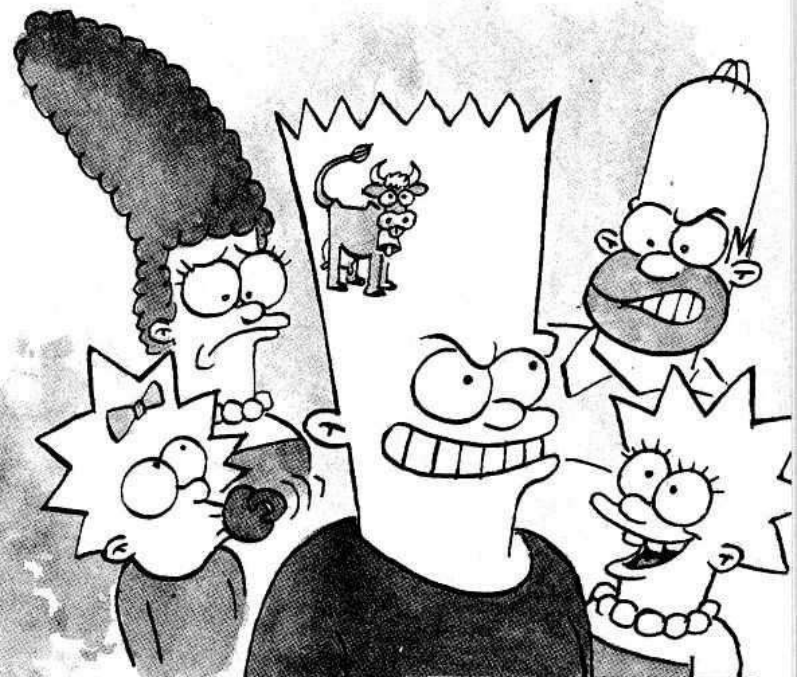
MILLI VANILLI



DONNY WAHLBERG



JOHN DALY



BART SIMPSON



FAY VINCENT

MCDONALD



KIEFER SUTHERLAND



GERALDO RIVERA



ROSEANNE BARR





MICHAEL JORDAN

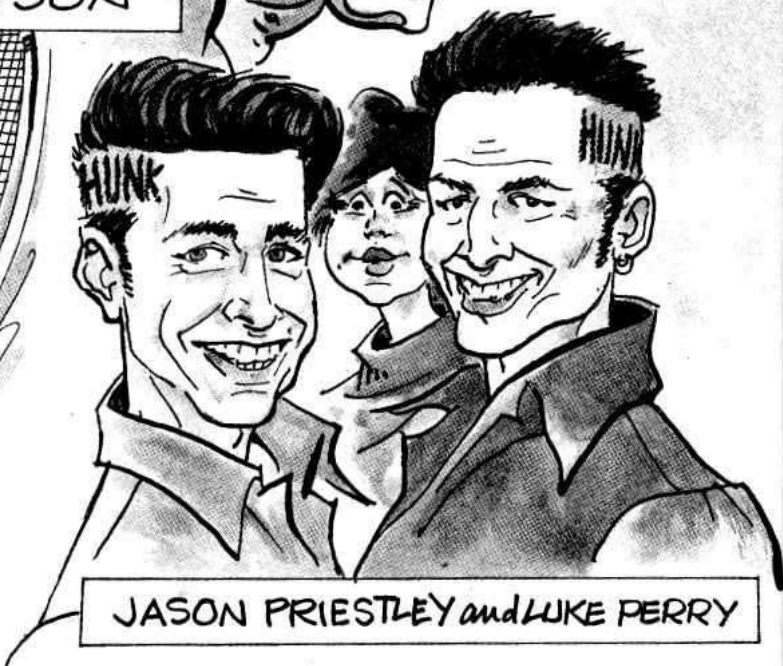
MAYOR DINKINS



MIKE TYSON

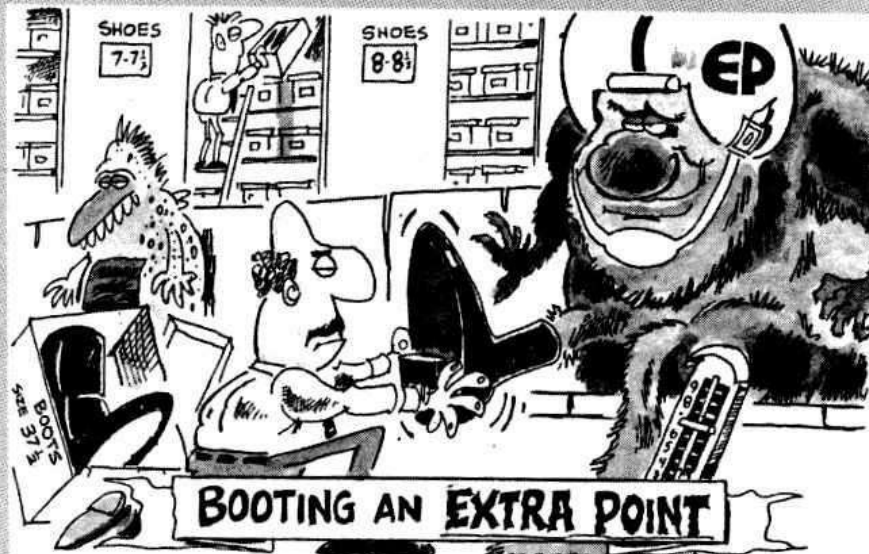
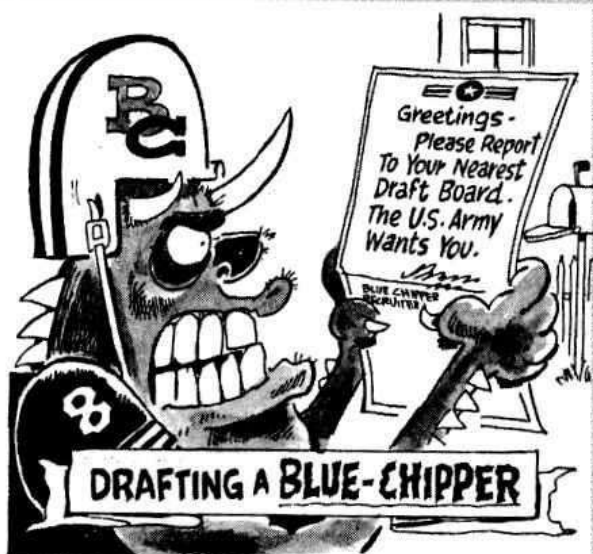


JOHN MCENROE



JASON PRIESTLEY and LUKE PERRY

# GHASTLY GHOULIES OF THE GRIDIRON!







FINDING THE HOLES IN A DEFENSE



SPLITTING THE UPRIGHTS



TAKING OFF ON A 30 YD. SCRAMBLE



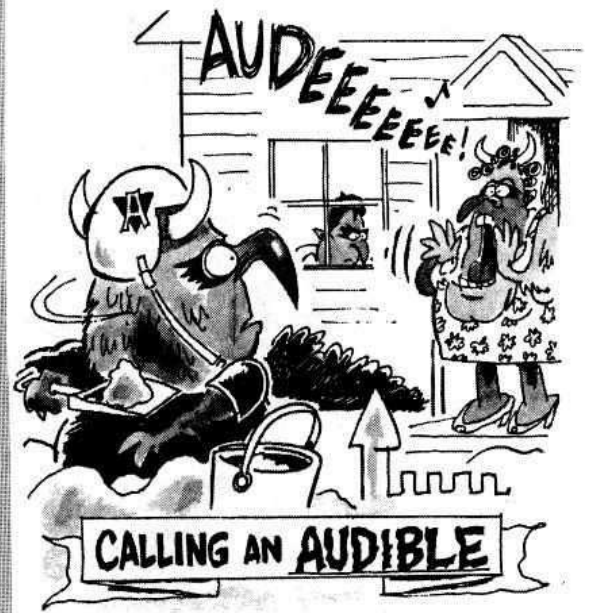
PROTECTING A 3-POINT LEAD



RECOVERING A FUMBLE



PICKING UP A BLITZ





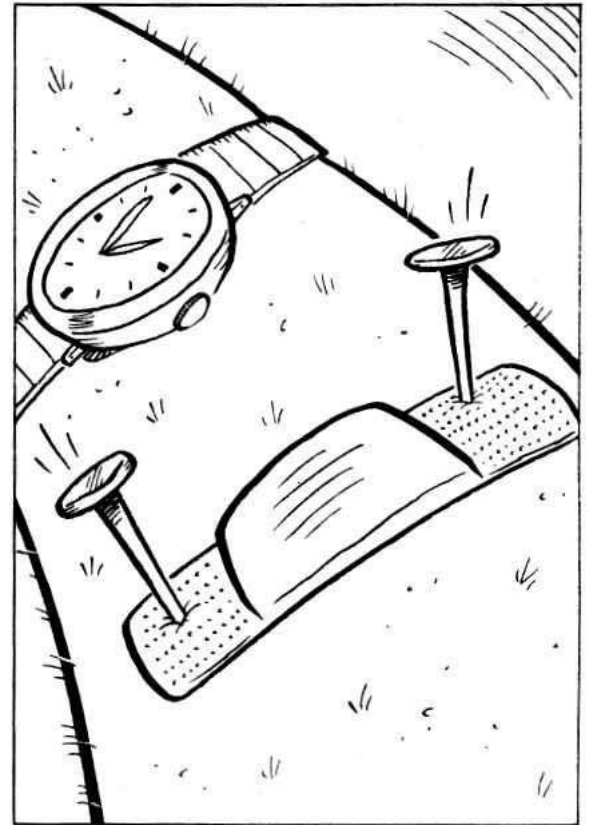
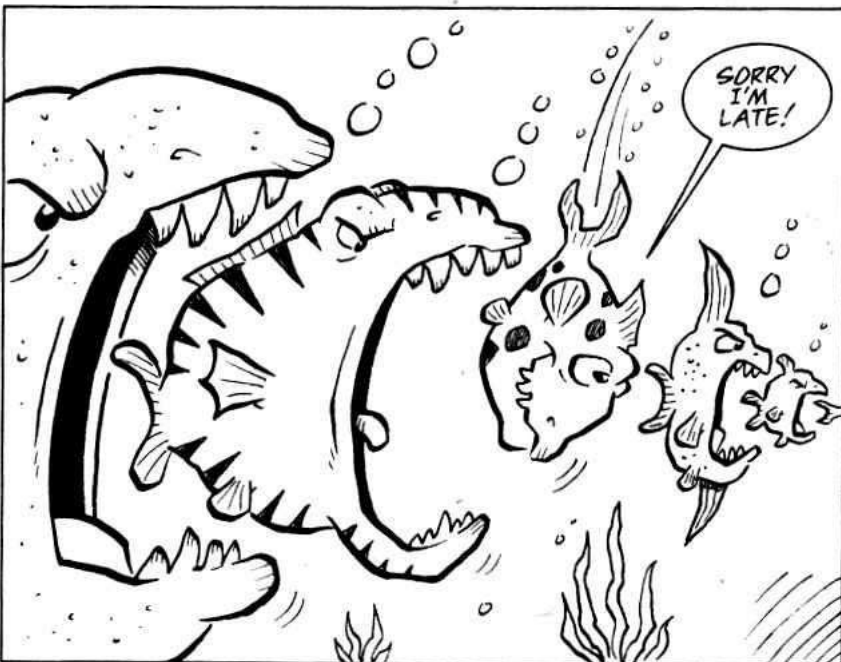
# Viewing Off

by JED  
VIER

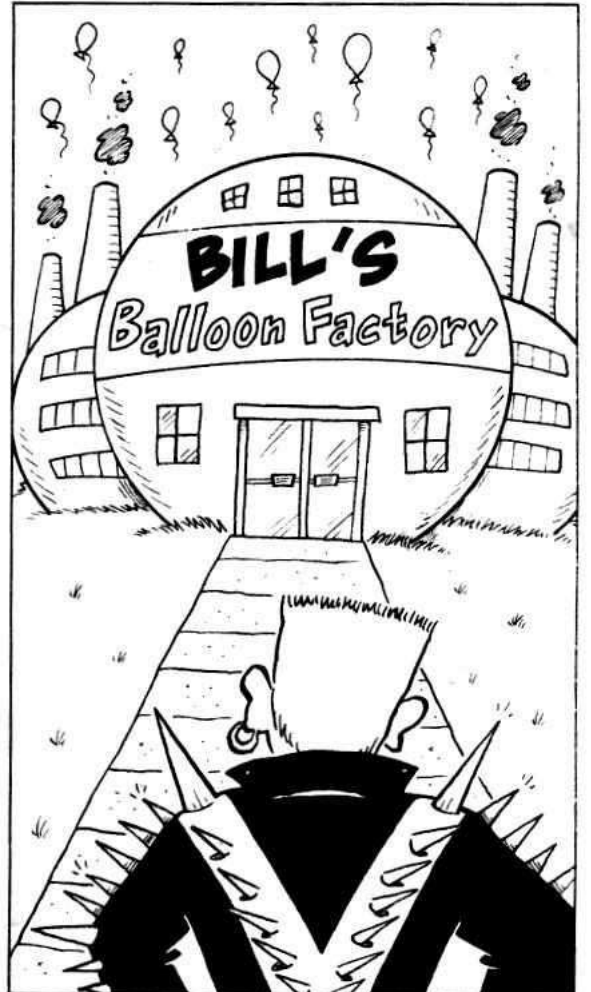
Art. GARY  
FIELDS



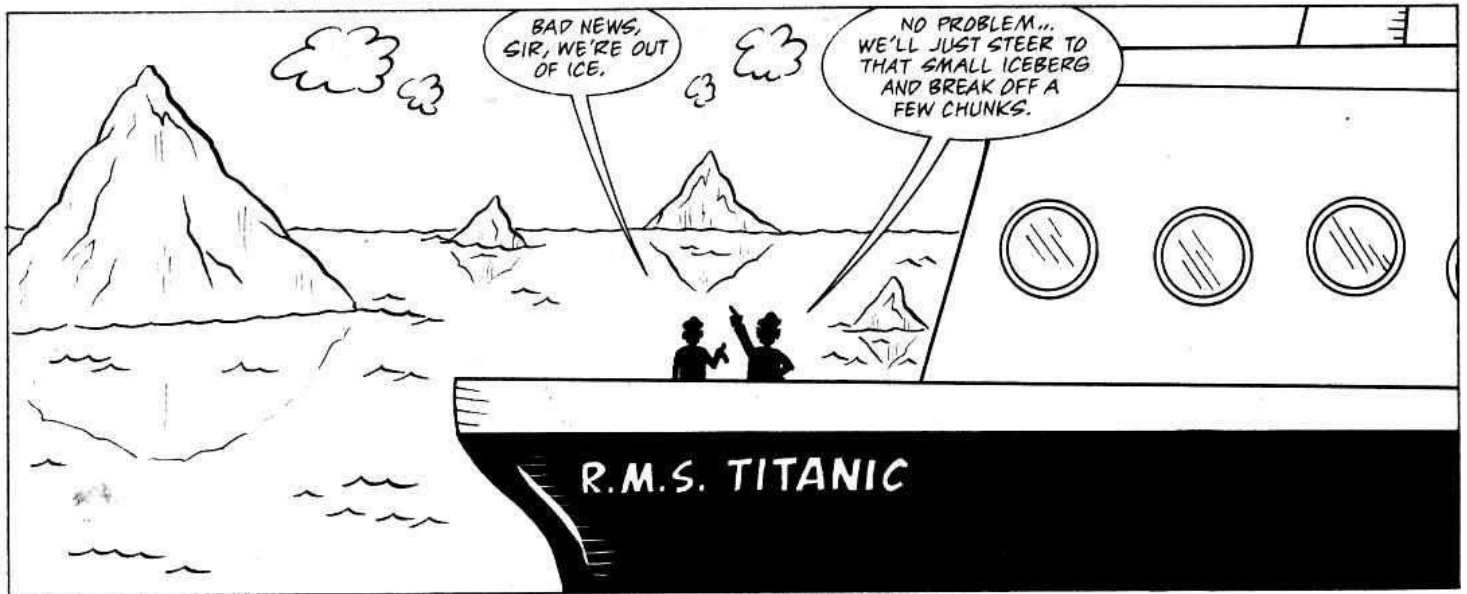
LADY GODIVA GETS A HAIRCUT.



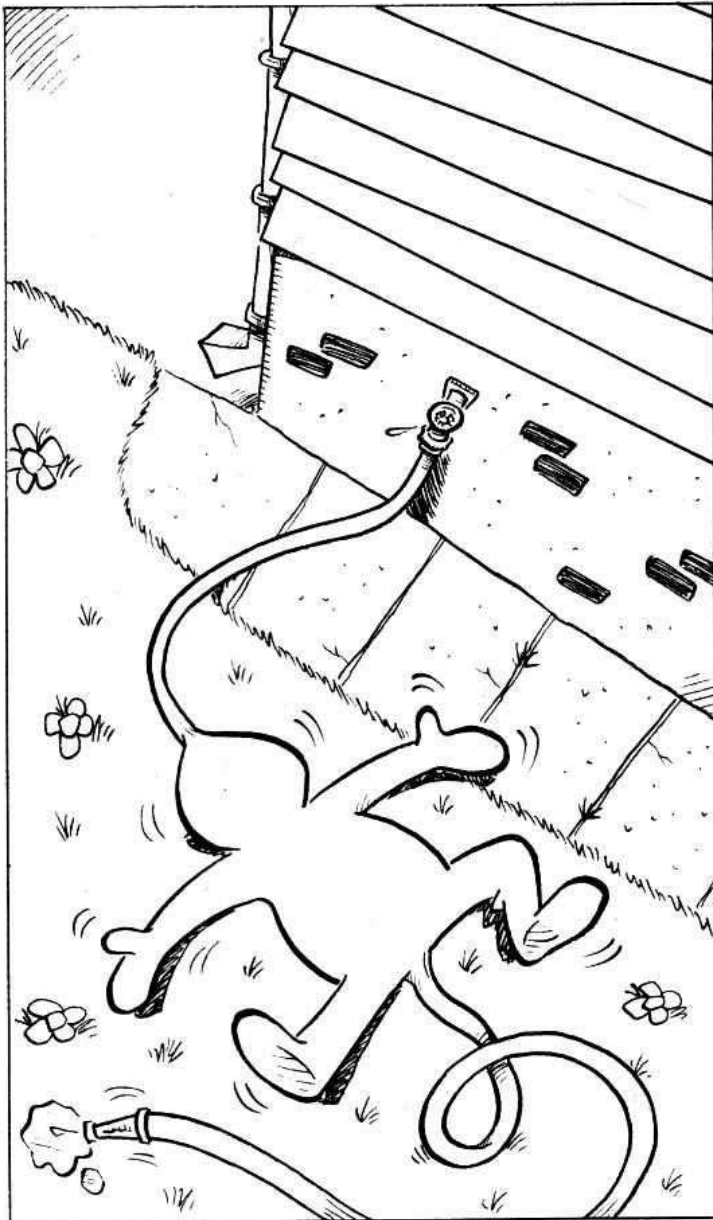
NON-ADHESIVE BANDAGE



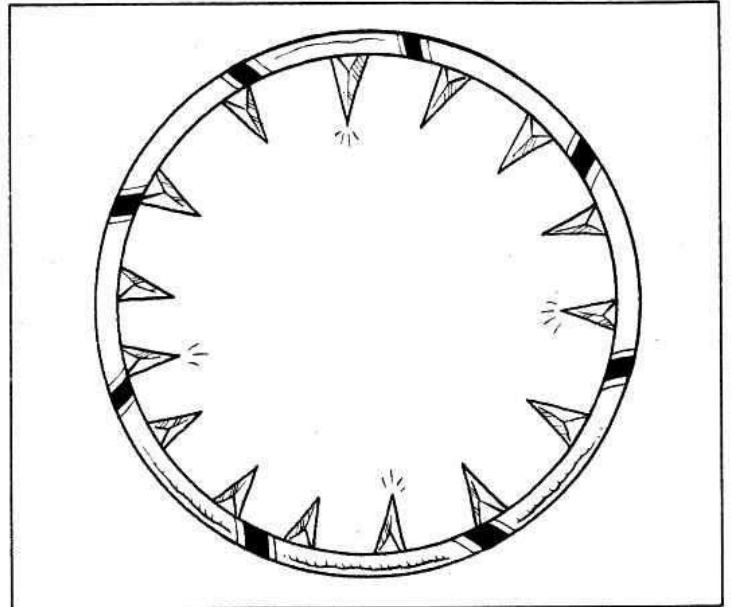
FRANK DRESSED INAPPROPRIATELY  
FOR A JOB INTERVIEW.



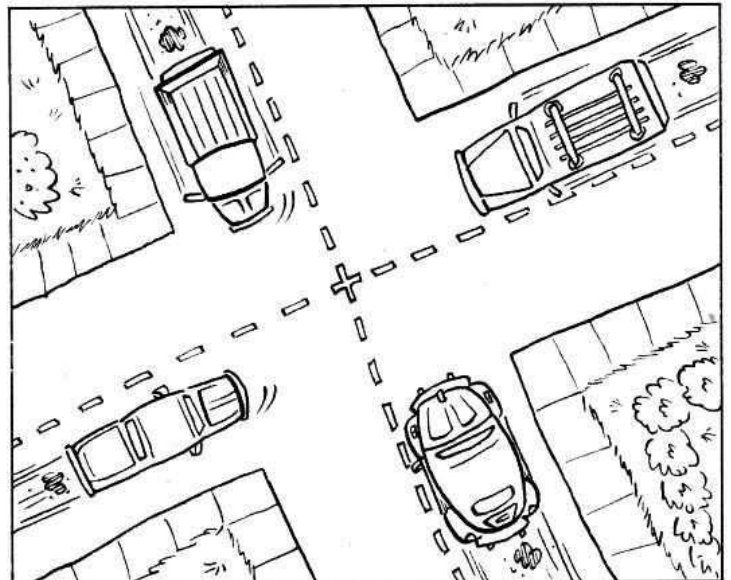
*BAD DECISIONS IN HISTORY.*



*THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN RETURNS TO HIS ORIGINAL SIZE AT A BAD TIME.*



*HULA-HOOP FOR A MASOCHIST.*



*THE DAY BEFORE THE 4-WAY STOP WAS INVENTED.*



# MODERN-DAY Creatures WE COULD DO WITHOUT...

SCARRIFYINGLY SINISTER SCRIPTER: SPARK

MONSTROUSLY MISSHAPEN MEDDLER: **PETE FERGALD**

91



## MOBADONUS MAFIOSA

DESPITE HIS EFFORTS TO BE KING,  
HE TELLS US THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING;  
NO DRUGS! NO GUNS! NO GIRLS! NO LOANS!  
THAT ALL DIED OUT WITH AL CAPONE.  
A BUSINESSMAN, HE'S NOW LEGIT;  
HE'S NEVER AUTHORIZED A HIT.  
AND THOUGH HE CHEATS AND STEALS AND LIES,  
HE STILL MAKES REAL GOOD PIZZA PIES!

## CELEBRITUS STARBORIUS

THIS MONSTER WITH HIS NAME IN LIGHTS,  
GETS OFF ON FLASH BULBS BURNING BRIGHT;  
DON'T ASK HIM FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH,  
YOU'LL ONLY MAKE HIM SNEER AND LAUGH!  
PLEASE TRY TO STAY BEHIND THE LINE  
OR BODYGUARDS WILL BREAK YOUR SPINE;  
HE REALLY CAN'T BELIEVE THE FUSS...  
HE'D LIKE TO THINK HE'S ONE OF US.



## ARTORIAL SLOBBINOWITZ

SEE THE BEASTLY MONSTER RANT  
BECAUSE WE TOOK AWAY HIS GRANT!  
HE THINKS THAT WE ARE AWFULLY MEAN  
TO CALL HIS MASTERPIECE OBSCENE;  
AND, WHILE HIS WORK IS HARDLY HIP,  
HE TELLS US THAT IT'S CENSORSHIP;  
IF HE CAN'T PROSPER, WE'RE TO BLAME,  
HE DOESN'T WANT TO DIE FOR FAME.



## DEALERING DIMWITTUS

ALTHOUGH WE TRY TO "JUST SAY NO",  
THIS DEADLY BEAST IS ON THE GO!  
HE STRUTS AND BRAGS, HE'S RATHER BOLD,  
IN CHAINS OF FOURTEEN KARAT GOLD;  
HE TELLS US THAT HE'S REALLY TOUGH,  
BUT, FRANKLY, WE HAVE HAD ENOUGH;  
WE'D LIKE TO SEE THE END BEGIN,  
THE EARTH TO CRACK AND SUCK HIM IN!



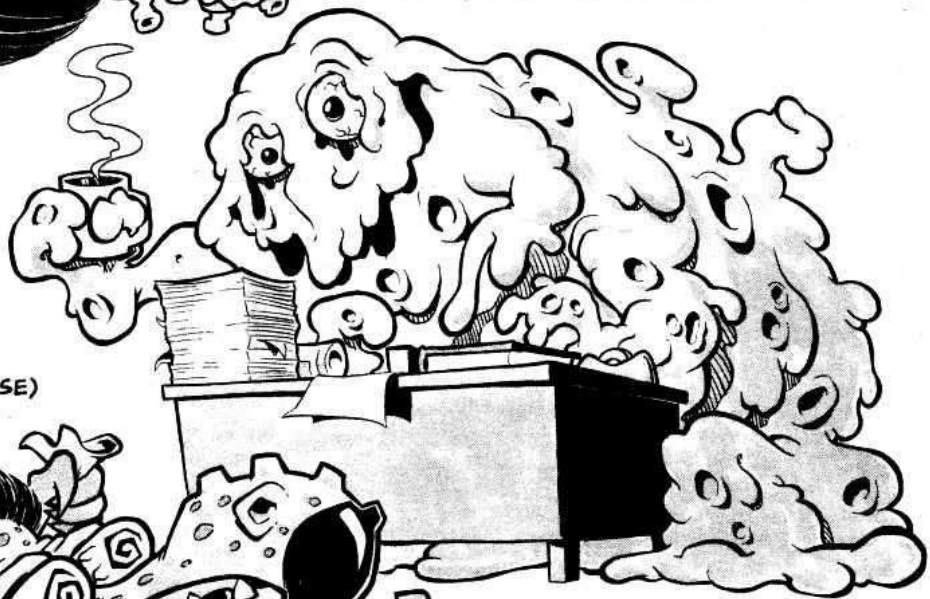
## LEECHUS SUXDRIALOT

THIS CREATURE THINKS THAT LIFE IS GREAT,  
BECAUSE HE SPONGES OFF THE STATE;  
THE TAXES PAID BY ME AND YOU  
ALL HELP TO SEE THIS BEASTIE THROUGH;  
ALTHOUGH WE WORK AND PAY AND PAY,  
HE HASN'T WORKED A SINGLE DAY;  
BUT, WE KNOW HOW TO KILL THIS SLOB...  
HE'D RATHER DIE THAN GET A JOB!



## SLOMO DISSERVICE

THIS LAZY MASS, THIS BLOATED BLOB,  
IS HAPPY AT HIS CUSHY JOB;  
HE SITS BEHIND A CLUTTERED DESK  
AND KEEPS US ALL A BIT PERPLEXED;  
REGARDLESS OF OUR PRECIOUS TIME,  
HE'LL STICK US IN A MILE LONG LINE;  
AND THEN (JUST TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE)  
HE MOVES FROM SLOW INTO REVERSE!



## ROCKINROLLUS BIGBUX

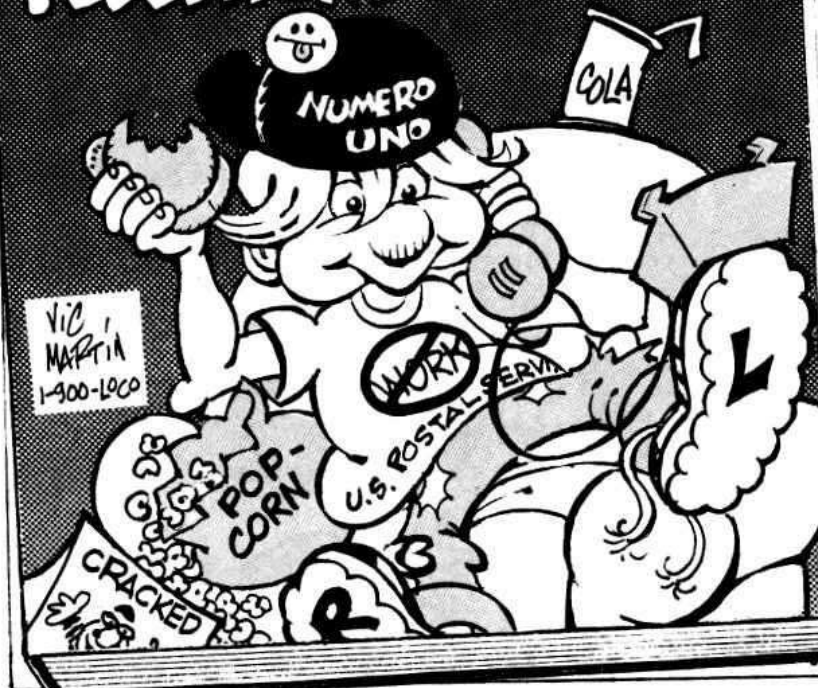
HE VAINLY STRUTS AROUND THE STAGE  
AND BELLOWS INCOHERENT RAGE;  
BETWEEN EACH SONG, HE TAKES A PAUSE,  
TO PLUG HIS CURRENT WORTHY CAUSE;  
HE TELLS US WE SHOULD FEED THE POOR,  
THEN MAKES TEN MILLION BUCKS PER TOUR;  
THE TRUTH, MY FRIENDS, HIS ONLY GOAL  
IS SEX AND DRUGS AND ROCK & ROLL!



# CRACKED'S

## 1-900

### TELEPHONE NUMBERS



#### COMMUNICATION

1-900-1-666-666

## LUCIFER'S HOTLINE TO HELL

You don't have to light all those black candles, draw those stupid pentagrams, wear those hot, totally out of style robes. Now you can dial direct.

"I was a really lonely guy until Lucifer opened up this service. Now I have someone to talk to who understands me. He makes me feel like I belong."

Saddam Hussein

"Writing lyrics to our songs has never been easier since we started calling the Hotline."  
Judas Priest

For those planning on "visiting" our facilities in the near future, call ahead and make your reservations today.



#### DIET

### CANNIBAL HANNIBAL'S FAVORITE RECIPES 1-900-STEW-YOU

Tired of the same old meat and potatoes at every meal? Give Hannibal a call and he'll describe some of his favorite recipes:

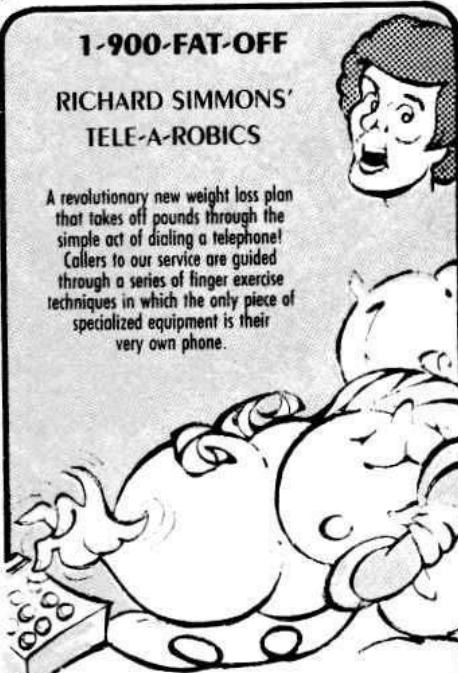
- EAR-resistable Adam's Apple Pie
  - Delectable Kidney Bean Soup
  - And his prize winning Irishman Stew
- Don't Delay! Call Hannibal and have someone for dinner tonight.

#### EXERCISE

### 1-900-FAT-OFF

#### RICHARD SIMMONS' TELE-A-ROBICS

A revolutionary new weight loss plan that takes off pounds through the simple act of dialing a telephone! Callers to our service are guided through a series of finger exercise techniques in which the only piece of specialized equipment is their very own phone.



So if you've decided that the slimmer you has been put "on hold" long enough, just dial us up, to dial it down.

#### FINANCE

### PREVIOUSLY OWNED CREDIT CARD SERVICE 1-900-HOT-CARD

Everyone should own a card, regardless of age, past credit history, current financial conditions, or criminal record. Dial 1-900-HOT-CARD\*, receive a previously owned Visa or Mastercharge.\*\* These cards come complete with matching driver's license, library card, type O+ blood donor card, and photos of "family members."

\* Calls cost \$30.00, payable in cash only; no credit card orders accepted.

\*\* We'll deny EVERYTHING if you're caught using these cards.

## HEALTH

### HAIR CARE TIPS BY SINEAD O'CONNOR 1-900-SCALPED



Troubled by wind-blown hair, unsightly split ends? Tired of the hassle of shampooing and conditioning, or even combing? Call 1-900-SCALPED and Sinead O'Connor will share her secret on how to keep your hair manageable.

All you have to lose is...  
your hair!

## MENTAL HEALTH

### DIAL-A DELUSION 1-900-PSYCHOS

This is a direct line to the maximum security ward of Freddie Krueger's Memorial Psychiatric Center. Talk to George Washington, Napoleon, or Rock Hudson. Lines are open from 7 A.M. to 11 P.M. The first twenty callers of the day can talk to Sybil, person to person, or her other twenty-three personalities on a party line.

Neurotics must obtain their therapist's permission first.

### JEWISH MOTHER'S GUILT LINE: 1-900-OY VEY

Call today, around supper, and talk to a genuine Jewish Mother and get an earful of pain. Agonize as she scolds you for not calling more often. Feel ashamed as she reminds you of how hard she slaved to make you a roaring success. "Go out and get it, Seymour; go out and get it!!!" And now, you can't even spare the time to visit.

Our motto: Don't be a goy, converse with the real McCoy!

Call now, feel guilty immediately!

### THE SERENITY LINE 1-900-SHHHH



Has the CRASHing, and BASHing, and SCREEEECHing of everyday life got you craving some honest to goodness peace and quiet? Have you had it up to here with rude operators, push phone solicitors, and nosey inlaws. Call MEDITATION and listen to the sweet, relaxing sounds of nothing. Except for the ticking of our meter as your phone bill increases.

We also offer amplified nothing to the hearing impaired.

1-900-shhhh, silence is only a phone call away, so, be quiet.

## SOCIAL

### THE ALIBI LINE 1-900-EXCUSES

Need a new excuse for not finishing your homework on time? How about a good reason why you were two hours late getting home last night?

Call our Alibi Line and listen to our list of cop-outs that are guaranteed to satisfy even the most seasoned skeptics.

The well-delivered alibi is the impenetrable front line of defense!

### UNCLE TED AND NEPHEW WILLY'S ADVICE ON HOW TO GET GIRLS

#### 1-900- MAKE OUT



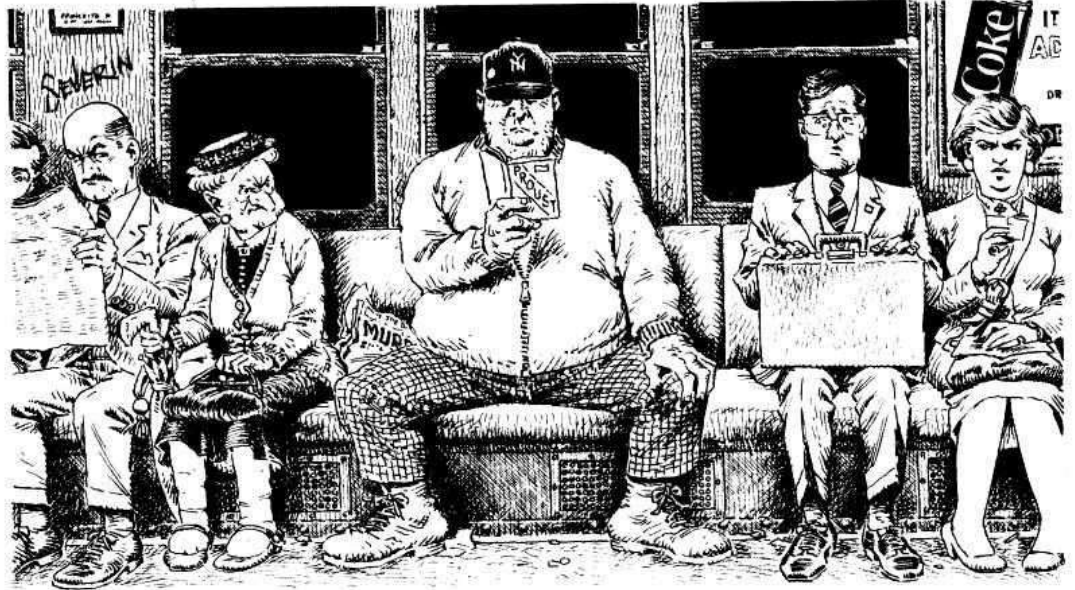
Tired of all talk and no action? Let Uncle Ted or nephew Willy explain their state of the art methods, fool-proof, in attracting girls. They may seem weak, but they have an inexhaustible arsenal of (a) tears, and, (b) screams. Unlike other counselors, Ted and Willy will stick by you in your post-conquest days. Mainly, they'll instruct you in admirable composure throughout courtroom testimony. Be privy to the names of bail bondsmen and attorneys from their very own little black books.

Dial 1-900-MAKE OUT and remember, breach of promise is about as binding as a citizen's arrest in Red Square.



**WRITER: FRED SAHNER**  
**ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN**

- When sitting, spread your knees out as far as they will go, so no one can sit within ten feet of you. Just pretend you're playing a cello.
- Smear your clothes with axle grease so other riders will keep their distance.
- Keep a big empty box on the seat next to you, marked Danger High Explosives.
- Fake a coughing fit when any one comes near you.
- As a last resort, mumble the word "murder", over and over.



- Keep your feet on the back of the seat in front of you. This also keeps your shoes out of the swamp of popcorn, sodas, and peanut shells, fermenting on the floor.
- To discourage anyone from sitting in front of you, drape your legs over the seat in front.
- Remember to writhe and convulse in your seat so the person behind you can't see the movie.
- Repeating the movie dialogue in mock tones is sure to clear out the area.

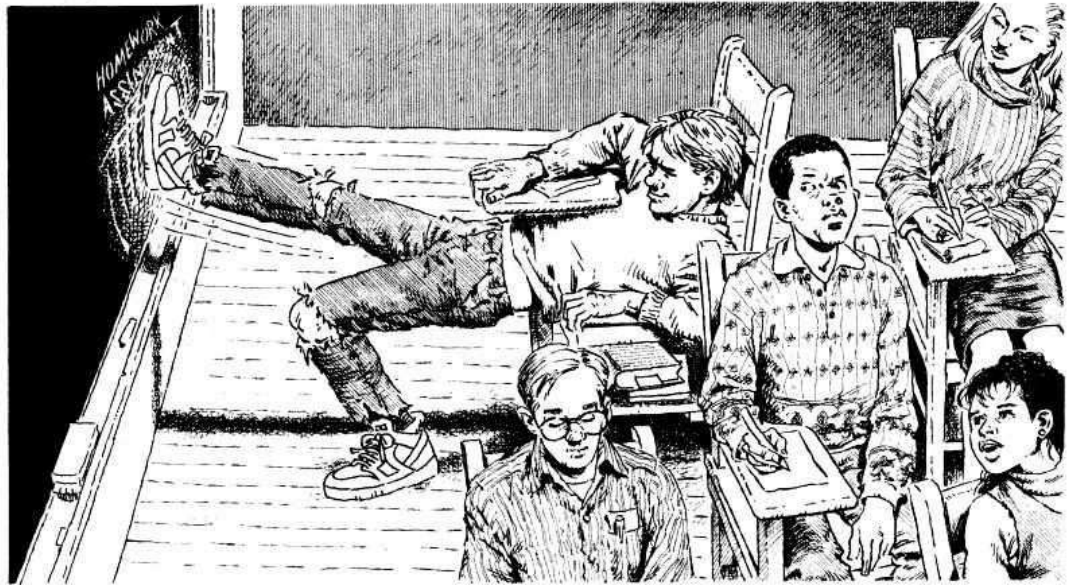


- Sit in the middle of a row and make at least thirty trips for food during the game.
- Try to step on everyone's shoes as you go in and out.
- Bring a huge sign to the game, one you can hold up during a critical play and block the view of those behind you.
- Take control of the armrest and don't let the person sitting next to you get to use it.



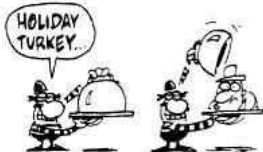
## In The Classroom:

- Stick your legs out as far as they will go; the record is three aisles.
- Sit behind a hefty student who will conceal the fact that you're sleeping.
- Insist that you have to change your seat in order to see the blackboard. Then, go home and sit on your living room couch. You still won't see the blackboard but you will be comfortable.



## On An Airplane:

- Sit in an aisle seat and refuse to pass the food in. This is also a great vantage point for stealing additional drinks!
- Don't let anyone out of your row, to use the lavatory.
- Make sure your newspaper is constantly brushing the head of the occupant in front of you.



## At A Rock Concert:

- Stand on your seat through the whole concert.
- Take your seat home as a souvenir instead of buying a T-Shirt.
- Smash your seat to pieces to show the band that you love their music.







CRACKED LETTERS, 441 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y., N.Y., 10017

### SEV AND RICIG, DOUBLE PLAY!

I am a big fan of John Severin, and Mike Ricigliano's *Spies & Sabs*. Severin hit high ratings on *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II*. I like it when the Sabs visit places like the beach and the baseball stadium. I have a suggestion; why don't you put *Spies & Sabs* in the movies!?

Heath Lehman  
Manchester, Pa.



### QUIBBLING SIBLING

I like your magazines; they have lots of funny gags, comics, and fairy tales. My sister **doesn't** like *Cracked*! She says your magazines are mean because they make fun of people. I don't care what she says. Could you put in a comic about my sister! Her name is **Katie Thurlow**, she's twelve years old, with short red hair.

Brandon Thurlow  
Fresno, California

Editors: You asked for it, but remember, we refuse to take sides in family disputes!



### BREAK-ING POINT

I buy a lot of your magazines. I really liked issue #268 with *The Robocop Crime-Fighter's Catalogue* and *Terminator 2*. But the back cover, Mr. Demi Moore, give me a break!

Morgan Smith  
Covington, Ga.

Editors: That's a catchy expression, Morgan! "Give me a break!" Mind if we use it? We'll push it for you and tell people where we heard it!

### VANITY BARE

I was going to rent *Die Hard* at my video shop, last night, but I couldn't keep a straight face, thinking of a pot-bellied **Bruce Willis**! I became so hysterical, I took *Bambi*, just to get out of there.

Sue Lynn Harr  
Oberlin, Ohio

### ON THE BACK BURNER

I really enjoy your magazine! You have a fantastic group of artists. I am twenty-four years old and I make my living as a cook. I've been feeling the urge, lately, to go to art school.

Michael Alan Dye  
Springdale, Arizona

Editors: Our artists have the urge to go to cooking school! Whatever you decide, Michael, we're happy for you

### A WORD FROM THE WISE

The last year or so, I have been enjoying *Cracked* more than I ever have. I grew up a *MAD* fanatic. Not any more, though! I look forward to the next *Cracked*.

Rick Bradford  
Fort Worth, Texas

### SHY GUY OPENS UP

I think your magazine is so, so stupid. I'd rather be shot in the brain than read one of your dumb, comidyleless, illmanered, no-brained magazines. I'd rather croak than read a single line of your garbage. And another thing, your people are so stupid they can't write anything funny.

Scott Knee  
Alexandria, Va.

Editors: Gee, Scott that sounds like a **KNEE JERK** reaction!



### REMEMBERING DR. SEUSS

Editors: Dr. Seuss, whose real name was Theodor Seuss Geisel, died last September. His forty-seven books contained wonderful rhymes and gentle messages. Hardly a home was without "The Cat In The Hat", "Green Eggs And Ham", "Oh, The Places You'll Go", and "The Grinch Who Stole Christmas". We had fun with Dr. Seuss, in *Cracked*,\* because he was fun for us as youngsters.

\*Gary Fields, in the style of Dr. Seuss.



## SPEAKING OF CELEBRITIES...

I'm fascinated that so many celebrities and famous people must see themselves in Cracked! Do you get much response from the stars?

Millie Johnson  
Chicago, Ill.

Editors: Sure, take a glim at Morganna, The Kissing Bandit! She's our back-up mascot to Sylvester. Our Mike Ricigliano designs her T-Shirts and Christmas cards. Morganna runs out on the field to kiss such heavy-hitters as George Brett, Cal Ripken, and Nolan Ryan. Last report, she was headed for the Cracked Building. Pass the mouthwash, p-p-p-please!

## OUR MAN IN PUERTO RICO

I read your magazine every month. I'm a kid from Puerto Rico who loves Cracked. Here in Puerto Rico we all love Cracked and we're all "Cracked Out"! "Saludos" (greetings) for all the addicts of Cracked Magazine, "les deseo lo mejor" (I wish all of you the best). I'm a big fan of Michael Jordon of the Chicago Bulls; I wish you'd make fun of him sometime in your magazine. This letter is proof of how big Cracked is, not only in U.S., but all over the world, including Puerto Rico, "una isla victima de Cracked" (an island victim of Cracked). "Esto es todo amigos". (This is all, folks!) I'll keep in touch and for all Terminator fans: **Hasta la vista, baby!**

Alejandro Cruz  
Carolina, Puerto Rico

## THIS HOLIDAY SEASON... DON'T BE SHOPPING-MAULED!



## GIVE CRACKED INSTEAD! GET A FREE HAT OR T-SHIRT!

Mail to: CRACKED SUBS, P.O. BOX 114,  
ROUSES POINT, NY 12979-0114

- ☐ 3 Years (27 issues) for \$33.75  
Plus a free T-Shirt (C2703)
- ☐ 2 Years (18 issues) for \$26.75  
Plus a free Hat (C2702)
- ☐ 1 Year (9 issues) for \$14.40 (C2701)
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Outside USA (including Canada): \$18.90 for 1 year, \$35.75 for 2 years, \$46.75 for 3 years, payable in U.S. Funds by International Money Order or Check drawn on U.S. Bank. Please Allow 8-10 weeks for processing.



I am **Jean-Clod Van Darnne**, Hollywood's newest supaire star. To get where I am, I studied ze arts, no, not acting, ze **marital arts**, and with my muscles and accent, how could I miss? I am ze **producer, writer, and director** of zis film. Since all **kickboxing movies** are ze same, why hire anybody else? Now for ze special **Cracked** preview of my latest epic...

# BLOOD

The plots are always seemple, ze same as ze audience. I play twin Corsican brothaires, **Lyon and Tyger**. Tyger is ze **kickboxing champion** and Lyon is studying to be a **brain surgeon**. Maybe I'll win two **Oscaires**!

In ze **real world**, the only action in **underground garages** is ze occasional **mugging**, but in my **action films**, thousands of ze beautiful people crowd in **underground gargages** to watch ze **illegal kickboxing**.



How come I'm not a mega movie star like you chaps? I have bigger muscles and my acting is just as bad.

Maybe you needink der accent like us.

WALTER JAMES BROGAN

Whaddya mean? I ain't got **no** accent. I'm from Noo Choisey.



# KICKER



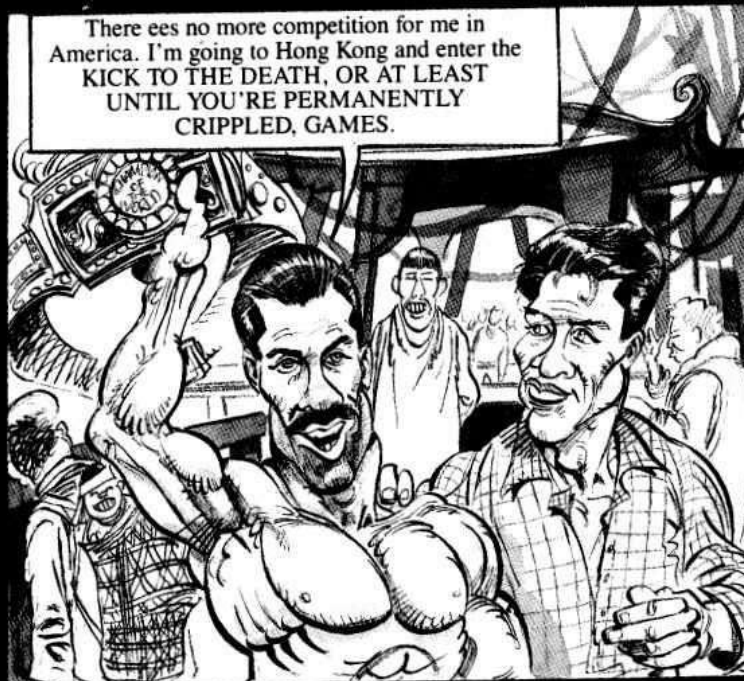
WRITER: TONY FRANK

ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN

Ever since Bruce Lee, it is essential that martial arts films take place in ze Orient. So, we must find some stupid reason to go to Bangkok. No, that was the last film, zis time we go to Hong Kong.



There ees no more competition for me in America. I'm going to Hong Kong and enter the KICK TO THE DEATH, OR AT LEAST UNTIL YOU'RE PERMANENTLY CRIPPLED, GAMES.



Next, we need a **gross, evil opponent**, who is ze opposite of the clean-cut handsome star, and we got a **good one**. Zis guy looks like Bigfoot, with a pigtail.



Lyon, why aren't you a kickboxer like your brother?

I don't want to risk injury. I intend to be ze **first surgeon** to perform ze lobotomy with my feet.

I thought Godzilla was dead.

That's Mongo Kong, the Kickboxing Champion!

Why is he smashing ze tank; is it some sort of social protest?

No, he's training for the tournament.



Lyon has seen enough. He tried to warn Tyger. Naturally, he ignores him.

Life is full of surprises, which is more than you can say about my films. The two survivors of the tournament were Mongo and Tyger.

Tyger, pack your bags, we're leaving. Mongo's not human! He trains by smashing tanks.

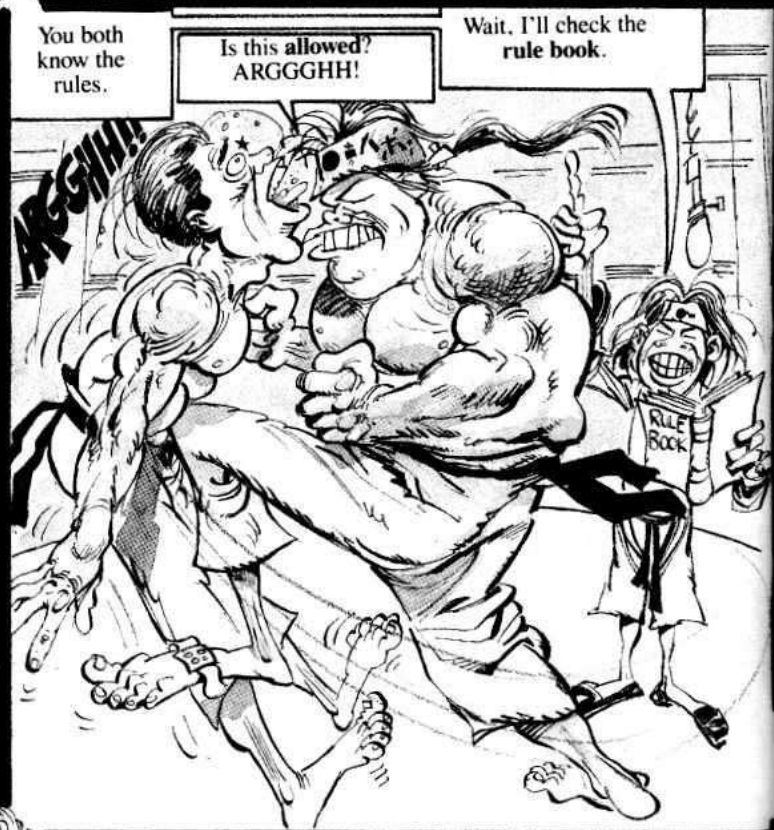
I am faster zen ze tanks, he'll nevair lay a foot on me. Uh, what's that?

That was Mongo's last opponent.

You both know the rules.

Is this allowed? ARGGGHH!

Wait, I'll check the rule book.



This bout should make the Guinness Book of Records; the first fight where one fighter didn't survive ze introductions!

Now comes a rare dramatic scene as the doctors battle to save Tyger's life. Will he live? Does a bear sleep in the woods?

Is this legal?

Ref, stop the fight. I'm throwing in the towel.

You can't throw in the towel during the instructions; it's against the rules!

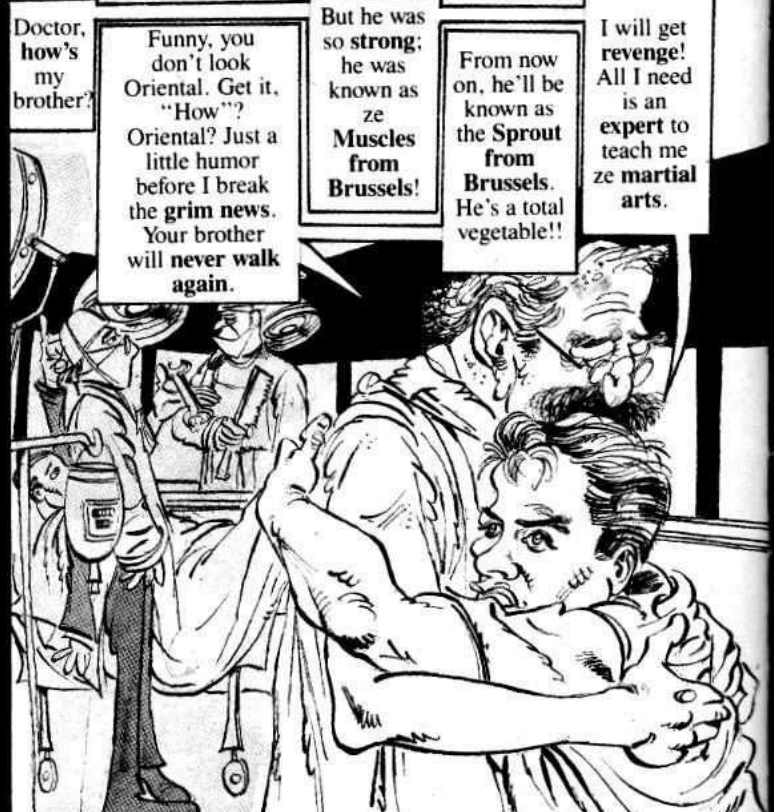
Doctor, how's my brother?

Funny, you don't look Oriental. Get it. "How"? Oriental? Just a little humor before I break the grim news. Your brother will never walk again.

But he was so strong; he was known as ze Muscles from Brussels!

From now on, he'll be known as the Sprout from Brussels. He's a total vegetable!!

I will get revenge! All I need is an expert to teach me ze martial arts.



Lyon's problem is solved when by a strange coincidence, (where would zeeze movies be without them?), he meets a girl. No, not Dial-A-Date, thees is an action picture.

After that stimulating dialogue, the audience is ready for another fight scene.

Yo, baby, wanna have some fun?

Leave her alone!

You gonna make us?

Yeah.

Yeah...?

You're very good.

But not good enough to beat Mongo. I need somebody to teach me kickboxing!

My great-grandfather, **Dung**, is the world's greatest teacher of the martial arts. Maybe he will help you. By the way, my name is **Rosebud**.

I had a sled by zat name but it was lost in a fire.

**BOP**



Another familiar character in all martial arts films is ze **ancient** Oriental who resembles a **laundryman** more than a **black belt**.

You'll nevair guess what happens next. Ah, you guessed, the uncle has a **change of heart**.

I humbly thank you for assisting my granddaughter. How can I repay you?

By teaching me to kickbox.

I am forbidden to reveal the secrets of the **Ninja warriors** to an outsider.

But Grandfather **Sphincter** taught the turtles!

Yes, but **Sphincter** was a rat.

Uncle, please, help him!

I will consider it, **Grasshopper**. Let me see you catch that chicken.

You want to test my reflexes?

No, I want that chicken for dinner and I can't catch the sucker.





The old man took Lyon **under his wing**. His Oriental teaching methods were **strange**.

It was hard, torturous work but the determined Lyon stuck with it.

Now, Grasshopper, polish the car; **left hand, right hand...**

Master, are you sure zis way I will learn ze martial arts?

It worked in Karate Kid, I, II, and III.

I did it, Master, I **finished** the car in **three minutes**.

I think you are **ready**, my son!

To fight Mongo...?

No, to get a job in a car wash.



Finally, Lyon's training was **complete**! He was signed to meet Mongo. Ze Hong Kong underground garage was **packed**. Before the bout started, Lyon received a **deadly surprise**...

Today's movie audiences, raised on violent Saturday morning cartoons, **demand blood** and we **give** it to them.

Lyon, if you don't throw this fight, you will **never** see your brother or Rosebud **alive** again. Now, come out **fighting** and give the folks what they came to see, plenty of **blood**... **YOURS!**  
Ha, ha!

Mon Dieu, talk about your **one-sided refs**.



Rocky, I love you!

I love you, too, Adrian!!

Boy, what a **beating**! Lyon doesn't know **where he is**, he thinks he's in a **different movie**.



Lyon desperately needs a miracle.  
miraculously he gets one.

It's flashback time.

Lyon, we're  
safe! Now,  
get up and  
beat him!!

Tyger,  
Rosebud...  
what happened  
to Adrian?

You just imagined  
her, we're for  
real.

How did you  
escape?

Dung followed ze kidnappers and started to fight with zem. I  
was knocked out of my wheelchair and miraculously the fall  
cured me.



What happened next doesn't make sense but  
what's the difference? Mongo, who had nevair  
lost a bout and was considered to be ze toughest  
man in ze Orient, suddenly turned into a  
frightened wimp as Lyon got off the floor.

Tyger was the new  
champion. You expected him  
to lose?

Wasn't zat a terrific picture?  
Just wait until my next movie.  
It's about a GI who is a  
kickboxer. His sistaire is  
kidnapped by terrorists and  
unless he agrees to throw ze  
big fight... wait!... I'm giving  
away too much of ze plot!  
Look for KICKER'S BLOOD  
at your local theatre, then, a  
few weeks later, in your video  
store. Adieu!

Please don't hurt me!!!

Zis is for Rosebud, zis is  
for Dung, zis is for my  
brothaire, and zis is for  
me. SPLATT!!!

The winner  
and new  
champeen

Tyger, this really  
belongs to you; you're  
the champ of the  
family!



My fighting days are ovair. While  
I was in zat wheelchair, I did a lot  
of thinking. I want to help people  
so I'm going to become a  
doctaire. You look surprised...?

I am, I didn't  
know  
vegetables  
could think,  
haha.





MY WIFE WILL HAVE THE "RUM TAZMANIA", WITH A  
TWIST OF GOONOO ROOT, AND I'LL HAVE A GOOD OLD  
FASHIONED BORNEO BEER!



RUM TAZMANIA FOR THE LADY...

THANK YOU.



...AND A BORNEO BEER FOR THE GENTLEMAN.



WOULD YOU MIND PUTTING A HEAD ON THAT ??!

NO PROBLEM,  
SIR.



A HEAD, IT IS!



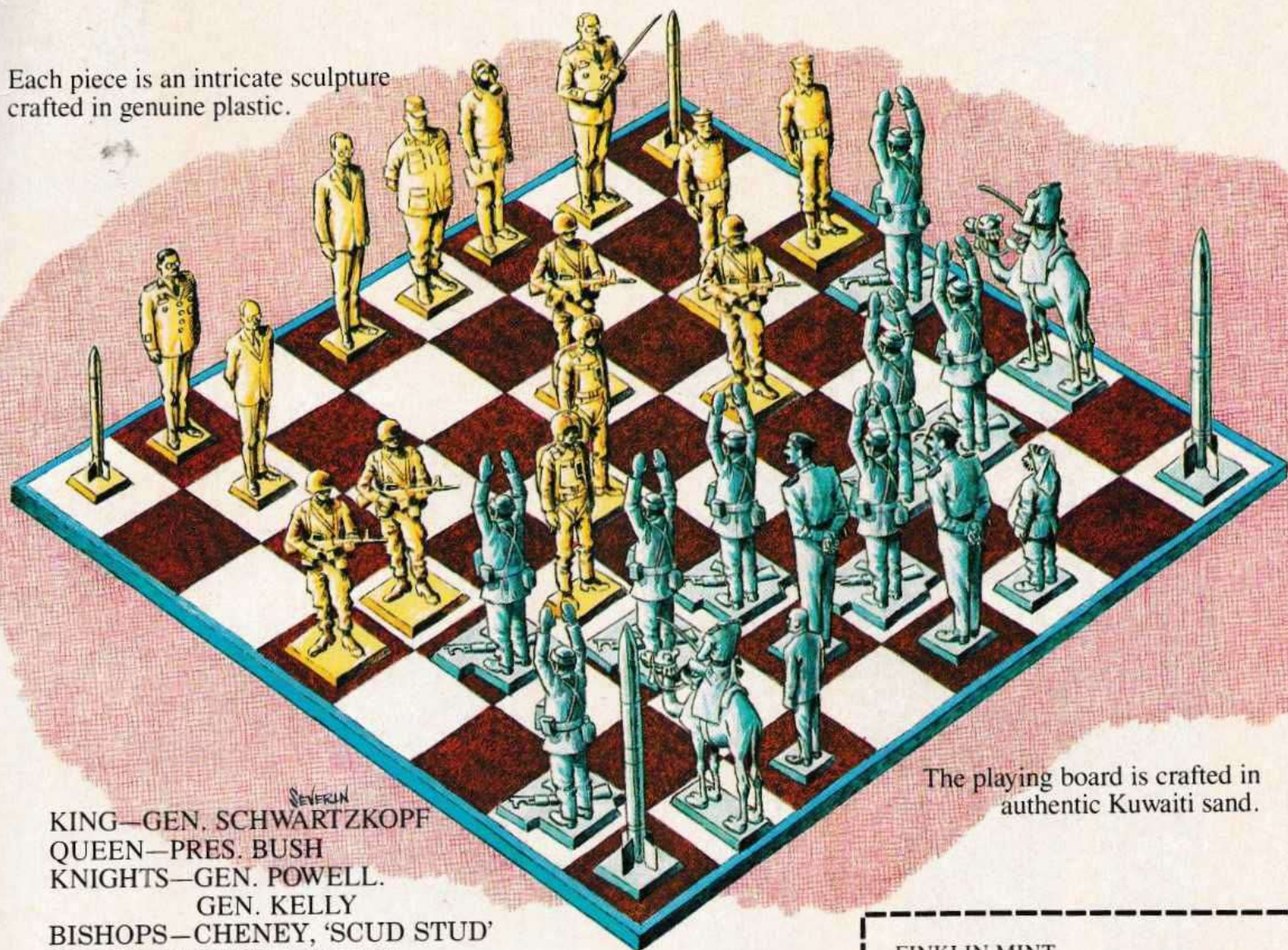


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ROOKS—PATRIOT MISSILES  
PAWNS—ARMY, NAVY,  
AIRFORCE,  
MARINES

KING—SADDAM  
QUEEN—SADDAM (HE  
DOESN'T TRUST ANYONE)  
BISHOPS—KING HUSSEIN,  
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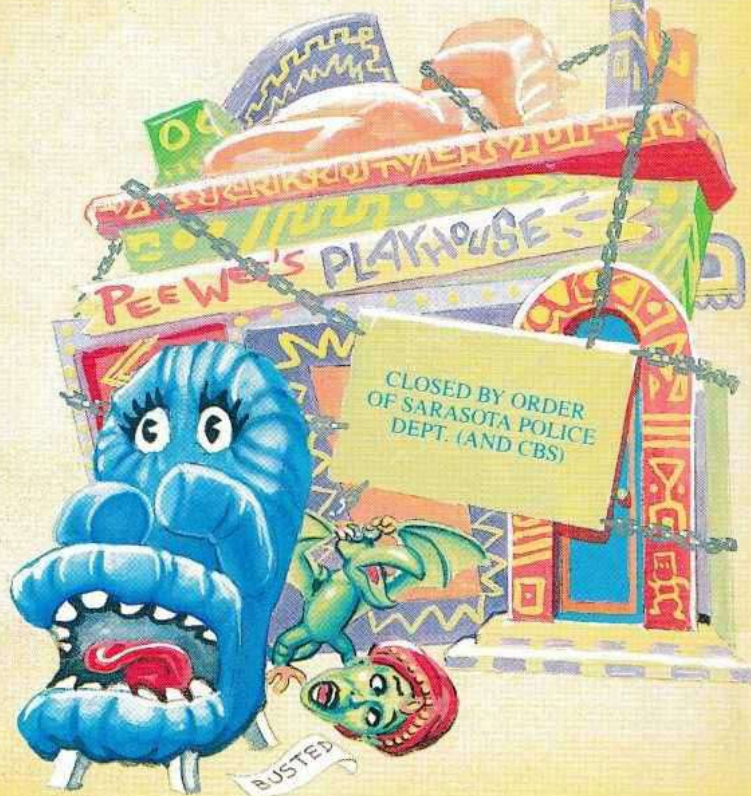
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